★ JOHN BULL, AUGUST 31, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1785

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AIR RAIDS BOMBARDMENT INVASION

Hit back with National Savings Certificates!

That money in your pocket can become part of another British fighter, another gun, another shell. Don't spend it on yourself. Lend it to the Country. Buy National Savings Certificates.

Certificates are easy to buy and easy to cash at short notice. They cost 15/- each and increase in value till in 10 years they are worth 20/6. This represents a rate of interest of £3 3s. 5d. per cent., which is free of Income Tax.

Certificates may be bought at Post Offices, Banks, and from Honorary Official Agents in shops and stores. They can also be bought in instalments by means of savings stamps and through Savings Groups.

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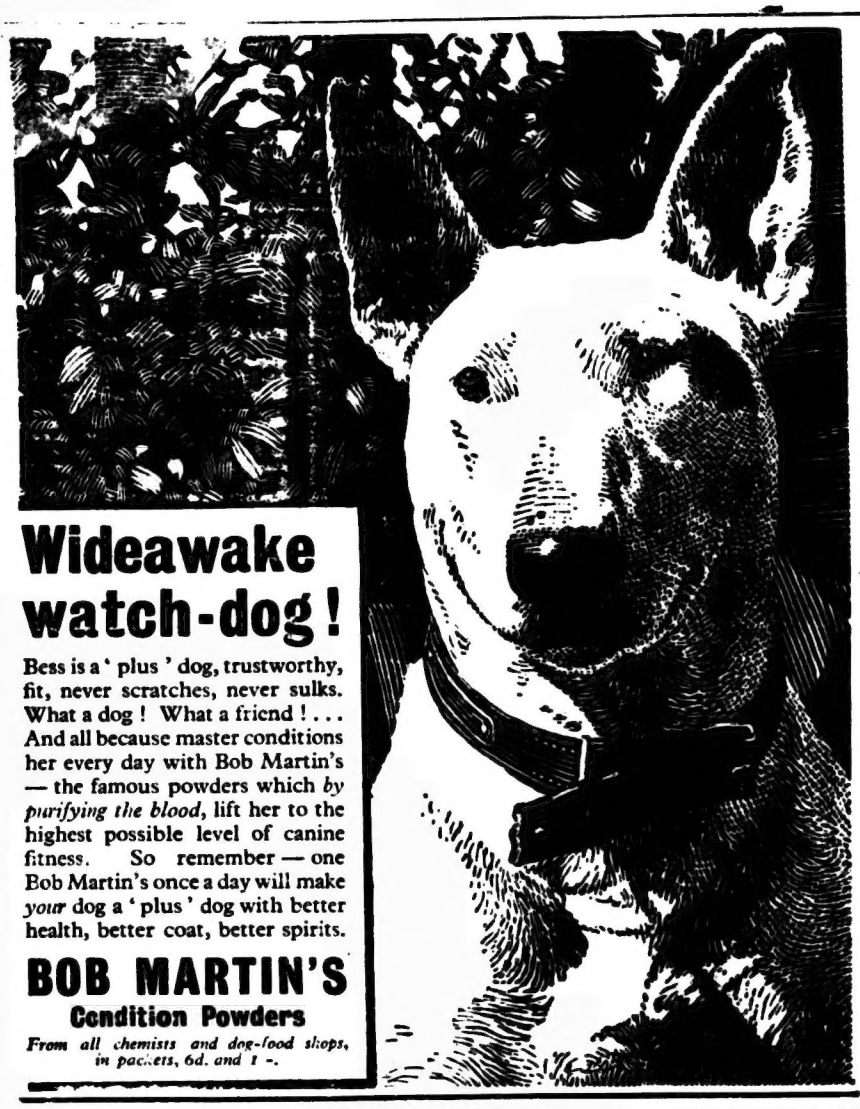

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Bess is a ' plus ' dog, trustworthy, fit, never scratches, never sulks. What a dog ! What a friend ! . . . And all because master conditions her every day with Bob Martin's — the famous powders which *by purifying the blood*, lift her to the highest possible level of canine fitness. So remember — one Bob Martin's once a day will make *your* dog a ' plus ' dog with better health, better coat, better spirits.

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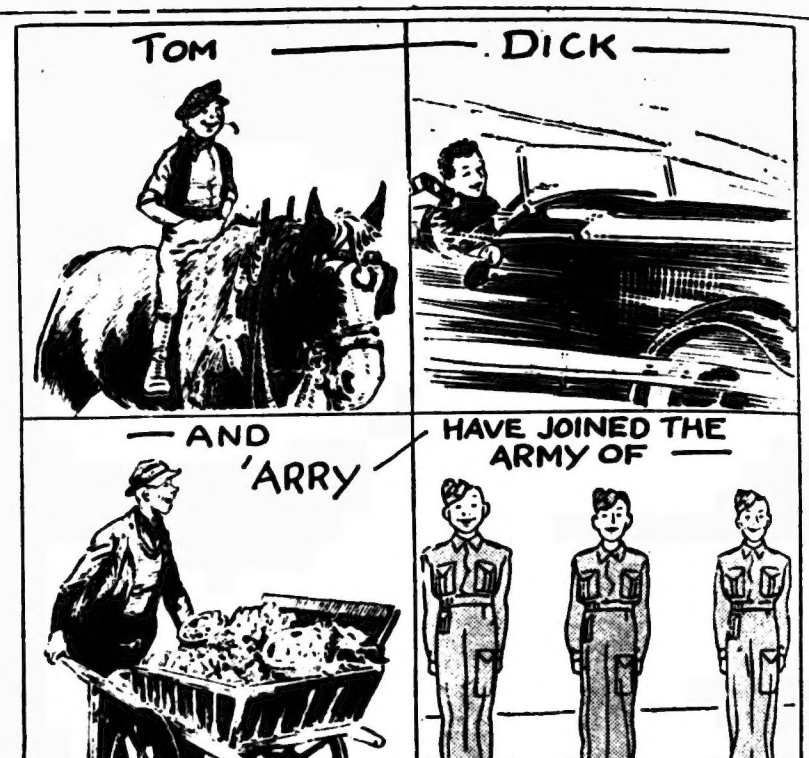
From all chemists and dog-food shops, in packets, 6d. and 1 -.



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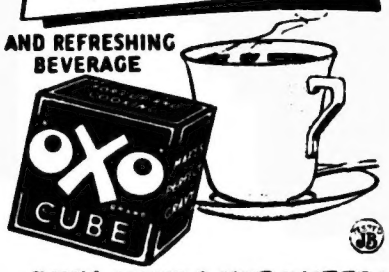

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PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD)"

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IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST
PLEASE EMPTY YOUR PACKET AND LEAVE IT WITH THE TOBACCONIST

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 31, 1940,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

DARKNESS BEFORE THE DAWN

ONE year of war. If it has been more disastrous for Europe and less costly to Britain than anyone would have dared to predict last September, the coming year may well prove brighter for Britain and the rest of Europe than we can now imagine.

The Prime Minister, for all his cautiousness, hints that final victory will probably not be so long delayed as we feared. There are solid reasons for his confidence.

Vital Weeks Ahead

We must look not only to the horizon, but study the ground before us. Though sure that we shall win, we may be certain also that our greatest testing-time has yet to come.

What, then, are the prospects of the immediate future?

First, an intensification of the air war.

Beating Them Down

We have won the first great aerial battle. On some days we have brought down more enemy 'planes than the number of new machines produced each day in Nazi factories.

Moreover, as JOHN BULL was the first to reveal, our aircraft production now exceeds that of Goering's overworked serfs.

Our bombing attacks have caused much greater damage than the enemy's.

These facts make it impossible for Hitler to hold his hand.

Futile Hope!

He dare not wait; he cannot hope to win merely by bombarding our convoys and coastal towns. He must send over more and more bombers in an effort to cripple us before our Air Force is superior to his in numbers as well as in quality.

His night attacks have been restricted to hit-and-run tactics; Goering is right in describing them as "merely armed reconnaissances."

Night Hawks

Mass attacks on coastal areas will undoubtedly be extended to objectives further inland.

Remember that the first coastal raids were hit-and-run forays by single machines. Then came whole squadrons. Then, later still, scores of squadrons.

Safe to assume, therefore, that the minor attacks on aerodromes, industrial centres and London will be followed by heavier onslaughts.

Goering has ordered the quick production of four-engined night bombers—a branch of his Air Force that has hitherto been neglected.

Invasion Date!

In short, we must be prepared for serious air activity over our shores, whether Hitler is still contemplating an invasion attempt or not.

Preparations for such an attempt appear to have been halted. But the danger has not passed.

Round about the 18th of September the North Sea will be at its calmest before the commencement of the equinoctial gales.

Rough Crossing

If the attempt is postponed beyond that date, if the enemy hopes to take advantage of the November mists, then the sea will be unpleasantly rough for his shallow troop-and-tank barges. He cannot have it both ways.

Probably invasion will be called off in favour of a thrust in the Mediterranean.

Exaggerated Peril

Finally, so far as the chances of attack on Britain are concerned, there is the possibility of gas warfare. A possibility that can be, and has been, overrated.

True, that the Nazis have manufactured large quantities of arsene. Hence the filters added to your gas masks some months ago.

But if arsene is used, the only casualties will be people who stroll about the streets without masks.

Eight Tons—One Man

Professor Kennard points out that at the end of the last war it was taking eight tons of poison gas to kill one man. We are more prepared for gas now than at that time.

If gas is used, it will be only when the enemy is desperate.

Counter-Offensive

Look beyond these coasts for a moment. Italy may boast of ruling the Mediterranean, but her preparations to attack Egypt are being made on land, not on sea.

There are indications, moreover, that a British offensive in the Middle East may soon begin.

BRIGHT SPOTS

● **Examinations of hundreds of Nazi aircraft brought down in Britain shows that instruments are good, but material of the body poor.**

● *Rifles and ammunition are now arriving from the U.S.A. in great quantity.*

● **Wellingtons—famous British bombers—have now even finer performance through new engines. Speed far greater than the previous figure of 250 miles an hour.**

● No more real cream after this month. But substitute has been invented, will soon be on the market.

● **Nazi decree that war workers sentenced to jail will have to work off their sentence at week-ends is due to large-scale absenteeism caused by effects of British bombing raids.**

● *Failure of aerial* blitzkrieg *is estimated at not less than six months of intensive Nazi efforts.*

● So great is sabotage in German-occupied countries that 40 per cent. of Nazi N.C.O.s have had to be drafted into transport services to keep them going.

● **Although trying to confiscate radio sets capable of picking up British broadcasts, Gestapo admits that it cannot trace the bulk of them.**

● *R.A.F. raids on Italy have destroyed six big-gun lathes, specially imported from the U.S.A. at cost of £350,000 each, which are now irreplacable.*

● Following agreement on naval bases, Anglo-U.S.A. co-operation will extend to mutual exchange of all surplus war material.

● **Bombs dropped in the Midlands have been packed with sand or sawdust. Result of sabotage in German or Czech factories.**

Men of Might

We are rapidly obtaining all the materials we need for a great offensive. Nothing has been more heartening than the facts about our arms production given by Herbert Morrison, whose short broadcast last week was a model.

Here is a Minister who grows in stature each week. Nor is there any task too broad for the shoulders of burly Ernest Bevin or lithe Lord Beaverbrook.

A few Ministers have fumbled and blundered. They will be swept away in the Government autumn-cleaning planned by Mr. Churchill.

Ministry of Muddle

The aliens muddle is to be ended. So we are promised by Sir John Anderson, whose frank admission of "stupidities and deplorable happenings" does him credit.

His realisation of past follies has yet to be shared by the Ministry of Information. Wholesale dismissals from that office may include that of Mr. Duff-Cooper himself.

The new Minister should take a lesson from American reporters in London, who were broadcasting descriptions of last week's raids to the U.S.A. within half an hour.

There are other improvements to be made in our war front: End of unemployment. Improvement of agriculture. Still greater use of technical talent.

We must press on with offensive measures; we must start now to plan the peace we mean to restore.

And we shall win that peace as surely as we shall defeat the enemy's attempt to break our spirit either by air bombing or invasion!

(Continued overleaf)

AIR RAIDS · BOMBARDMENT · INVASION

£600 MORE CLAIMS PAID!

Under "John Bull's" Free War Time Insurance, underwritten at Lloyd's

If you are already a registered reader of JOHN BULL you automatically qualify for the full range of this extended war time insurance. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent. If you have not yet registered you cannot afford to delay.

Registration Forms may be taken from issues of JOHN BULL prior to May of this year, or if you will put a post-card in the post to-day, addressed to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, the Registration Forms will be despatched by return.

PLOT BEHIND THE RAIL PLEA

★

UNFAIRNESS IN THE R.A.F.

★

PAYMASTERS STILL BUNGLING

★

PREMIER'S SHOCK FOR WHITEHALL

(Continued from preceding page)

BEHIND the railways' demand for still higher fares is their determination to secure nationalisation—at their own price.

Even Lord Stamp, L.M.S. chief and financial adviser to the Government, now appears to favour nationalisation.

Presumably the directors reckon to get a far better price now than if they waited until after the war.

Can't Carry On

If the public enquiry turns down the dearer fares proposal, the railways will tell the Government that they cannot carry on.

Yes! despite the guaranteed profits agreement that the Government so stupidly signed, despite the deliberate shattering of the road transport system to give the railways a virtual monopoly of transport!

Finance Plot

Another plot for Parliament to foil is the effort of big financial corporations to get a new War Loan at higher interest.

Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, M.P., estimates that by 1943 the National Debt charge will amount to £400,000,000 a year if the interest rate is stabilised at 2½ per cent.

If the rate is 3 per cent., it will be £600,000,000!

A Pensions Racket

One minor racket is to be stopped.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Minister of Health, promises careful consideration of all complaints about supplementary old age pensions.

He'd do better still by issuing clear instructions to all pensions and assistance officers on the way the new Means Test should be operated.

Fighting Sergeants

Shouldn't all pilots of fighter aircraft be given commissions?

Pilot-sergeants have fought as heroically as pilot officers. Given commissions, they'd have the advantages of better pay, better treatment if taken prisoner, and so on.

Not unusual, under the present system, for a sergeant to take his flying instruction from an officer who has far less experience.

Definitely Unfair

As for Army promotion, warrant officers with sixteen to twenty years' service in the R.E. are not being granted commissions. Yet commissions are still offered to engineer recruits.

Again, temporary commissions are offered to technicians who volunteer for the Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

But an ex-officer who enlisted as a private last September, and was recommended for a commission, is still left in the ranks.

What about Them!

High authority seems to have forgotten the Observer Corps.

Extra pay for the Services and A.R.P. workers; but the patient watchers on whom the defence of Britain largely rests have only £2 18s. 4d. a week on which to maintain their families.

What about it, Sir Archibald Sinclair?

No Paradise, Mr. Eden!

Bungling of paymasters and record officers shows no sign of decreasing.

We are tired of complaints that men granted proficiency pay three or four months ago are still unable to get a farthing of it, even though it is needed to relieve hardships at home.

We are almost as weary of dealing with men who, though released from the Army, are unable to get their discharge papers, and are thus unable to draw public assistance, find a job, or join the Home Guard or A.R.P.

Will Mr. Eden please note?

Grade III.

Men registered for military service, and placed by the doctors in Grade III, are uncertain if or when they are likely to be called up.

Many are being gravely inconvenienced in consequence.

We understand the War Office's own difficulty in this matter. But it would help if the men could be told that they will not be needed for six or nine months, say, unless exceptional circumstances arise.

Snobbery of the Tie!

Home Guards are not to have commissioned and non-commissioned ranks, decides Mr. Eden, but, due to enterprising shopkeepers, they can buy "Home Guard ties" at prices from half-a-crown to 8s. 6d.

Mr. Eden should frown on this move, too. Otherwise A.R.P. workers will clamour for their own ties. Then munition makers.

Then the dustmen who help the war effort by collecting your salvage.

Neglected Volunteers

Incidentally, many Home Guards are without steel helmets and other equipment, have no quarters in which to rest between spells of duty.

Regular troops who relieve them naturally have full equipment and a proper guard-room.

It shouldn't be hard to end this anomaly and prevent bad feeling.

Waste Not—What!

Of course, it isn't only dustbin refuse that must be saved for our war effort. But some authorities find this hard to realise.

The other day, twenty-two children were due to be evacuated from an East Coast school. Five double-decker buses arrived from a distant town to accommodate them.

Children and teachers were comfortably settled in one bus; the other four trundled back empty.

Way of the Army!

A soldier had to drive a lorry from South Wales to London last week to pick up some stores.

He arrived only to find that the goods had been sent by rail, and was told to take the lorry back empty.

It's not unusual.

Shock for Whitehall

If Mr. Churchill had appointed the ex-Kaiser as head of the Civil Service, he couldn't have caused a bigger bombshell than by his request for shorter official documents.

Civil Service fogies indignantly complain that their filing system prevents the use of half-sheets for correspondence.

Similar absurdity was discovered recently by a big business man.

Ordering his letters to be typed on memo.-sized paper, he found later that copies were still being made on quarto sheets.

Does Mr. Morrison Know!

Strange stories persist of inexperienced foremen at some arms factories.

An artificial bait-maker is now foreman in a Bren gun works. A furniture salesman is now going the rounds with him, presumably to become a foreman himself.

Neither knows enough of engineering to check the work of their staff.

Money for Spitfires

Money from generous readers is streaming into JOHN BULL offices towards the purchase of Spitfires.

We're sorry, but we must repeat our warning that there is no central fund for this purpose.

If there isn't a special Spitfire collection in your town, invest your contributions in War Savings Certificates.

In that way you'll help to buy Spitfires just as surely—and help your own finances as well.

Red Tape Entanglement

Bumbledom, slow to die, is as slow to move.

A Canvey Island man, in poor health, applied for relief on May 11. Before being granted a food ticket, he had to walk a long distance for a medical certificate.

Week after week he appealed for a cash grant to pay his rent; only his landlord's kindness saved him from eviction.

After three months—on August 16—he was at last given a grant of money.

Holiday Jobs for M.P.s

M.P.s are now on holiday.

They should spend it in their constituencies, tackling the sort of scandal outlined above, and talking to their voters about the progress of the war.

That would enable them to give the Government better information than can be obtained by Mr. Duff-Cooper's doorstep brigade.

Anyhow, they're getting £12 a week for their holiday.

Say it with Books

Even in total warfare there's sometimes a quiet hour at sea. So, any books you can spare would be welcomed by men on trawlers, minesweepers, and the regular warships.

Send books or donations to the Royal Naval War Libraries, 40, William IV Street, London, W.C.2.

Gentlemen v. Gangsters

BASICALLY, human nature is much the same the world over and, to modify an advertising slogan, "human nature in the raw is seldom mild." It instinctively demands "an eye for an eye—a tooth for a tooth."

JOHN BULL can well understand the public's natural impulse to equal German ruthlessness.

How hard it must have been for British navvies, deliberately machine-gunned by a German pilot, not to lynch him when he stepped calmly out of his fallen machine.

Imagine the baffled frenzy of lightship crews under murderous attack. And try to understand to the full the longing for revenge surging in the hearts of those whose loved ones have been killed by Nazi bombs.

YET, AS A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE AND OF POLICY, "JOHN BULL" IS CONVINCED THAT IT WOULD BE WRONG TO FIGHT HITLER WITH HIS OWN VILE WEAPONS.

And we applaud Sir Archibald Sinclair's recent declaration that "*we shall never use our power in the air as an instrument of mass terrorism.*"

Principle and policy do not always go hand in hand. Sometimes they seem to pull in different directions.

In this war we ought always to remember that we are fighting to uphold principles that the enemy despises. We are fighting to "save civilisation."

"Civilisation" is not an easy word to define.

JOHN BULL takes it to mean an intelligent attempt to curb the worst instincts of human nature.

* * *

Even before the war started Field-Marshal Goering paid us a doubtful compliment. He said that we had become "debrutalised." He meant that we had lost our fighting spirit. That we had "no guts."

That's what he thought then.

He can't think so *now*, because the boys of the R.A.F. are giving him continual proof of their heroic enterprise, their matchless daring and initiative.

Nevertheless, there may still be many Germans incapable of understanding Great Britain's "civilised" restraint. Many of them sneer at our "soft humanitarianism." Some trade on it.

Hitler and his fellow-gangsters have been preaching the gospel of brutality ever since they attained power. Instead of fighting Germany's baser instincts, they have fostered them.

Instead of creating a higher civilisation, they have deliberately reverted to a lower. They have gone back, as we put it, to the "Dark Ages."

It is the *system* of Nazidom that we are fighting even more definitely than the greedy, power-hungry brutes who introduced it.

Britain will not be content merely to save the stricken countries beyond the frontiers of the Reich; we want also to save Germans—and Italians—from the taskmasters they have chosen.

As Mr. Churchill told us, we have outstripped Germany's rate of production in aeroplanes after nearly twelve months of war.

* * *

People talk of the "Battle of Britain," but, in fact, they might just as well talk of the "Battle of Germany"!

The time will come—sooner, perhaps, than we dare to hope—when we shall surpass the enemy's air strength.

When that time *does* come we shall command the skies as definitely as we now command the seas.

Britain then could smash Germany from the air. Yet even then we should not seek to win this war by the wholesale slaughter of the innocents.

Britain will not avenge her dead by massacring German women and children. We shall wait for one or two, or even three, years until we can attack and destroy the Nazi legions themselves.

Britain will count on all peoples, still free at heart even under the shadow of the swastika, to rally to our side when the day of deliverance dawns.

So much for the "principle" leading us to endure "totalitarian war," yet forbidding us to practise it.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR
By The Editor

Hitherto, the Nazis have *not* loosed total air warfare upon us. They have confined their attacks, broadly speaking, to military objectives.

But they didn't do so in Poland or in the Low Countries or in France.

THERE THEY BOMBED CIVILIANS WITH CALCULATED FEROCITY. THERE THEY DROVE OLD MEN AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM THEIR HOMES AND USED THEM AS A HUMAN SCREEN BEHIND WHICH THEIR MECHANISED COLUMNS ADVANCED.

* * *

They have broken every rule of civilised warfare.

They have sunk British ships and neutral ships on sight.

They have fired without mercy on British rescuers of their own people.

There is no ignominy to which they have not stooped; no cruelty that they have not practised.

Yet *they* are learning that it is impossible to break the spirit of a determined and courageous country by terrorism.

They are discovering now, what the civil war in Spain should have taught them, that the bombing of civilians merely stiffens resistance.

So we must not suppose that it would pay us to "bomb Berlin to blazes" any more than it has paid, or will pay, the Nazis to destroy British cities.

It would not pay Britain, since we are fighting in a high and lofty cause, to deviate by a hair's-breadth from the traditions that our forefathers have always maintained.

We must continue—short of endangering our own men—to rescue the crews of bombing planes that we have shot down, and the survivors of submarines we have destroyed.

* * *

We must continue to fight like gentlemen even against Nazi gangsters with knuckle-dusters.

JOHN BULL takes this view without trace of sentimentality.

In modern warfare it is impossible to protect civilians altogether, and we rejoice to hear of every fresh British raid on military objectives in Germany, even though a few civilians may suffer.

With the Secretary for Air we hold that "wherever materials are being converted into munitions, there the strong arm of the Royal Air Force must reach out" to smash and destroy.

JOHN BULL is behind the Premier 100 per cent. in his declared resolve "to maintain and enforce our strict blockade" of Germany and all German-occupied territories.

Yet there is a vital difference between "total warfare," as the Nazis understand it, and this great Empire's resolve to "destroy Hitlerism."

* * *

As Mr. Churchill said, we must be ready to release food to hungry Europe immediately the Nazis are driven from occupied territory and powerless to intercept it.

Until then we dare not "prolong the agony of Europe by allowing food to go in to nourish the Nazis and their war effort."

HITLER MUST "BEAR HIS RESPONSIBILITIES TO THE FULL." YET WE CAN BREAK HIM WITHOUT RESORT TO HIS OWN DEVILISH DEVICES.

BECAUSE WE ARE FIGHTING FOR OUR OWN FREEDOM AND THE DEFENCE OF "CIVILISATION," WE MUST CONTINUE TO ENDURE HIS UTMOST MALICE, AND WAIT PATIENTLY FOR OUR OPPORTUNITY TO ATTACK HIM BY AIR AND LAND AND SEA AND TO FREE THE WHOLE WORLD FROM HIS GLOOMY GOSPEL OF FORCE AND TERROR AND BLEAK ENSLAVEMENT.

* * *

For the sake of this larger freedom we have voluntarily surrendered many of our personal liberties.

They will be restored to us in full when victory is won. We have the Government's official pledge for that.

But we dare to hope for something better than the restoration of ancient rights: we look forward to the righting of ancient wrongs.

Nearly two thousand years ago the greatest of all Teachers offered humanity a new code of conduct:

"*Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*"

No country has ever accepted that code implicitly and JOHN BULL cannot profess to love Germans and Italians in present circumstances.

But we shall never secure lasting peace until we come much nearer to this ideal of Christian socialism than we have ever done before.

NOW BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR!

IN modern times an increasing number of diseases have wisely been made "notifiable." It is done because they are so catching that officials wish the first outbreaks to be isolated to prevent their spreading.

But there are many diseases that have not been made notifiable, partly because we don't recognise them yet as diseases, and partly because we don't recognise how catching they are. It's a pity.

They're really dangerous.

Irritability is a terribly catching disease.

It can spread through a family, through a group of people, through a whole community like wildfire.

The Human Machine

So can nerviness.

It is the easiest thing in the world for one excitable person to infect everyone within reach.

Gossip is another highly infectious disease.

So is rumour.

They can develop harm amounting to the devastation of a plague.

It's a pity that the difficulties in the way of making these diseases notifiable are probably insuperable. Fortunately, the remedies are much easier to apply than is so with physical diseases.

In fact, the remedies are as infectious as the diseases. Self-restraint, the remedy for irritability, and calmness and coolness, remedies for nerviness, are catching!

One person, obviously keeping a grip on himself, in the middle of trying circumstances, can infect a surprisingly wide circle.

Restraint in speech, like restraint in action, is just as catching as reckless gossip.

We can not only be our own doctors in all these instances, but we can also prescribe for everyone with whom we come into contact, with the certain knowledge that we can cure them.

We can be either plague-spots or centres of healing. There isn't any doubt which we shall be if only we *think!*

A HAND OF SIX ACES!

Flying Officer Newell Orton (left) with "Cobber" Kain. Orton, it has been said, put the "mess" in Messerschmitts

WHEN insurance clerk Alfred Henry Basil Friendship walked down the street of St. Albans some years ago, he was doing some hard thinking.

He was a stripling of nineteen.

Others of his age were still at Eton and Harrow, or just about to begin at 'Varsity. But he was earning his living in an insurance office. He was good at figures.

But he was thinking hard because at that time Hitler was stamping his jackboot on Czecho-Slovakia.

Eventually insurance clerk Friendship joined the Royal Air Force.

To-day he is still busy with figures!

As Sergeant Friendship, he sits behind the eight guns of his Spitfire or Hurricane "bagging" any Nazi that comes within range!

Recently he shot down three of Goering's "invincibles" that were in his way. So he did another simple addition sum.

And they gave him the Distinguished Flying Medal.

Before anyone had time to congratulate him, he had "gone to it" again to add up more figures.

Down came three more Nazis.
Six in two tries!
That added a bar to his medal.

The Air Ministry says that this airman pilot of twenty-one displays a high standard of morale and is "always seeking out the enemy to destroy them."

He is still adding them up.

Sergeant Friendship, occupying a high place in the gallery of R.A.F. No. 1 Killers, has a strange name for a killer, but it is not likely that the Nazis see the joke.

* * *

THEN there is a dark, highly complexioned, thick-set fellow of twenty-five, good at games and deflection shooting (getting those devastating side shots in at "Jerry"), and so handy with his roaring Hurricane that he can even teach the birds a few tricks.

Eye-witnesses of some of Flying Officer Newell Orton's exploits say there was no better pilot in France, indomitable "Cobber" Kain not excepted.

High authority awarded him the Distinguished Flying Cross for his skill and determination in putting the "mess" in Messerschmitts.

Orton, Warwick-born, began as an airman in the Reserve, became sergeant and pupil pilot, then was given a short service commission and promoted to Flying Officer.

* * *

SHIVERS go down the spines of Nazi airmen when Flight Sergeant William Henry Franklin releases bullets at the rate of 9,600 a minute from a Spitfire or a Hurricane.

Eleven years ago when he was eighteen, Franklin, whose home was in London's Poplar, was beginning a career as a laboratory assistant. There he developed the air urge and became an aircraft apprentice.

In a few weeks he has shot down ten enemy aircraft and assisted in destroying two more.

In two consecutive trips he accounted for four Messerschmitts, and he "killed" another after taking on five.

Another time he chased an enemy machine twenty miles, almost at ground level, before destroying it.

If you don't think he's earned his D.F.M. and a bar, ask them in his mess—or in Poplar.

* * *

ANOTHER ace killer is Squadron Leader John Scatliff Dewar, D.S.O., D.F.C., born in India, and proudly remembered by old boys of King's School, Canterbury.

Not long ago he severely injured his shoulder in a flying accident. Yet he has flown regularly since, and led his squadron with such skill and daring that in a few days they destroyed sixty enemy aircraft.

When not shooting 'em down or nursing his shoulder, he is busy training his pilots.

* * *

NIGHT raiders are hard to spot, and it is harder still for a fighter pilot to bring them down in the dark.

His engine deafens all sound.

He is dependent on directions received from his station below.

All the same, Flight Lieutenant Adolph Gysbert Malan, D.F.C. and bar, "bagged" two Heinkels in one night.

Comrades describe him as a magnificent leader. Many times he has not only led his flight, but also the squadron into action. He put paid to three of the enemy bombing our troops over Dunkirk, and helped to finish off another three.

This Adolph is a South African, was formerly a junior officer in the Royal Naval Reserve. His home was at Westcliff-on-Sea, and the thought of East Coast bombings may act as an excellent stimulus to his avenging spirit.

* * *

FIGHTER by night is Squadron Leader Maxwell Aitken (we'll forget the Honourable, as he doesn't encourage it), D.F.C., son of Air Production Minister Beaverbrook.

Not long ago Max was mastering the advertising side of his father's newspaper business.

He also liked cars, was hot on speed. That took him into the Auxiliary Air Force five years ago.

Now he is happy shooting 'em down at 400 m.p.h.

Recently he accounted for a night bomber.

Before that he set another aircraft on fire; next day downed two more.

That makes six ace killers, from varied stations in life, and typical of hundreds more equally deserving of being included in this gallery of incomparable gallantry.

Every one as good on proved results as three Nazis

MILLIONS STAKED ON BLUE PRINTS

BRITISH superiority in the air is so much taken for granted that the men responsible for creating Spitfires, Hurricanes and Blenheims are relegated to the background.

Yet, far from the glare of publicity, behind locked doors, in fortified buildings, they are working night and day to increase that superiority until they sweep the Nazis from the sky.

Many of these men have never seen an aeroplane at close quarters; others would shudder at the thought of flying.

They are physicists, mathematicians, research workers in stresses, strains, geodetic principles, air resistances, and the thousand-and-one factors that must be worked out in exact relation to each other before any type of aircraft can be flown.

Their weapons are slide rule and blue prints.

10,000 Drawings

They use more than a square mile of paper in rough sketches before their drawings are finally passed to manufacturers.

Sometimes more than 10,000 drawings are necessary, and there may be 250,000 intricate calculations before these drawings are made.

Their concentrated knowledge, their meticulous care, is directed to creating the extra confidence that enables the British airman to know that whatever risk he may take in battle his machine will never let him down; that it is better, faster, handier than the enemy.

It is said that when the Hurricane first took the air Goering wept for six days, a day for every thousand German machines automatically made obsolete.

When the tears dried, he sent for Professor Messerschmidt and Doctor Ernst Heinkel, handed each a cheque for a million pounds.

"I want something better than the Hurricane," he ordered.

Hurricane on top

A million pounds became two millions as the Professor's experiments killed scores of test pilots.

One hundred and eight models were tried.

They failed.

Then M.E.109 darkened the sky. Its speed was comparable to that of the Hurricane.

Its armament was heavy.

Goering boosted its invincibility, but in the first test of battle its lack of manœuvrability left it well behind the Hurricane.

Meantime, the Spitfire had come into action. Like the Hurricane, it had eight machine-guns, but at 395 m.p.h. was no less handy—and 30 miles faster.

There was press-button shooting; 9,600 bullets a minute; 160 shots a second.

Messerschmidt doubled his engine power. His blue prints showed a special cannon firing through the propeller. He called it M.E.110 and sent it out to war.

But he has not "got there" yet. The British machines still more than hold their own.

British designers quietly locked their doors again. They did not worry about the M.E.110, but they admitted they did not like it.

Nazi slide rulers were getting "warm."

So they merely increased the margin of superiority.

In his turn Dr. Heinkel essayed a reply with the H.E.113 fighter. He claims it has a speed of 400 m.p.h. It is armed with two large-bore machine-guns in the wings, and a cannon firing through the propeller.

Mysterious Something

The first few of these machines to appear in recent air raids were easily outclassed by Hurricanes and Spitfires.

Britain is still ahead in the race for superiority.

Slide rules and blue prints have produced aircraft for every type of work, but it is unexplainable why British design should so consistently possess the mysterious something that invariably appears to outwit the careful work of German designers.

Yet German ingenuity is never underrated. British designers simply try to eclipse it. They use every effort to keep themselves well informed.

Focke Wulf has a new single-seater fighter with the engine behind the pilot so that he can have an unrestricted view.

The machine can travel at 368 m.p.h., but the designer of this F.W.198 was unable to protect the pilot from the front.

All the Answers

Heinkel is now trying a twin-engine, two-seater, all-wing-and-no-fuselage fighter and a new four-motor bomber; the latest Dornier D.O.29 is intended to strafe our ground defences.

Messerschmidt designed yet another fighter, the M.E.115, after the failure of Nos. 111-14 had cost the lives of thirty test pilots, wasted half a million pounds.

The Henschel Company is making a dive bomber to carry a single bomb weighing a ton.

Yet British designers have all the answers to these developments. And desperate Nazi efforts to produce better aircraft shows how they fear our products.

None of the high-sounding German machines has so far succeeded in giving better service (class for class) than British Blenheims, Wellesleys, Wellingtons, Hampdens, and the rest.

Latest from U.S.

American designers, entering the battle of the blue prints on Britain's side, have given us the P.38, which is also without a fuselage.

The Bell Aircobra, on order for Britain, is a 400 m.p.h. fighter with the engine behind the pilot, but in this machine the flier is not unprotected.

The well-known Curtis P.40 has already taught German designers a few unpleasant lessons. Others (Douglas, Wright, Glenn Martin), will soon be as familiar as Hurricanes.

And America's latest fighter, completed with the co-operation of British slide rule experts, is a dive bomber with six machine-guns and a speed of 500 miles an hour.

This machine is already in production, and Dr. Heinkel's reaction is awaited with interest.

OPEN LETTERS

Wasted Talents : Big Cars Still Used for Pleasure : Aero-workers Must Run for their Lives : Cheap Milk Scheme Speed-up is Needed

★

Mr. J. STEPHENSON,
Confederation of Shipbuilding Unions

DEAR PRESIDENT, — Our factories are busier than ever before, yet more than eight hundred thousand of our people are still workless.

We are told there is a shortage of skilled workers. Yet craftsmen of long experience are kicking their heels at street corners.

I defy anyone to refute your charge that the best use is not being made of the technical talent in this country.

I share your appreciation of the great improvements made by this Government. But how much more must be done before we are united in work as well as in thought against the enemy!

You tell us of men unemployed in the shipyards. Yet employers are advertising for women to be trained for shipyard work.

Railways are dismissing craftsmen, and are suggesting that they should accept jobs as porters.

Week by week I have been giving equally positive evidence of the waste of skill and experience.

This week I mention a man who for twenty years has been a fitter, used to fine precision work. Thrown out of work by the war, he has been sent by the employment exchange to a factory engaged on vital work.

At first he was just a labourer's mate—an errand boy! Because of his protests, he now has been given another job—but still one that any labourer could do.

Clerks and glove-makers are being trained as aero workers. Yet aero electricians are still being put into the Army, as my postbag shows.

Yet another letter I have received this week is from a man with wide experience as an aero fitter. Now he's an officer's batman!

Such waste of talent is, as you declare, criminal. Unless it is ended quickly, the public will become impatient and Ministers will be called to account.

We are doing well; we must do better; we shall do better if the Government heeds the helpful criticism of such union leaders as yourself.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P.,
Minister of Petroleum

DEAR SIR.—What folly to keep firms so short of petrol that their travellers can cover only a third of their rounds!

Yet you can see hundreds of big cars at Welsh pleasure resorts on pleasure trips.

Your divisional petrol officers should surely use greater discretion.—JOHN BULL.

Air-Marshal Sir C. L. COURTNEY,
Air Member for Supply and Organisation

DEAR AIR-MARSHALL,—No doubt that our defences are excellent. But there may still be room for improvement in a few places.

The ground defence force at one aerodrome, it is alleged, has neither steel helmets nor respirators.

At another, the men had to go to the other side of the aerodrome for their rifles during a Nazi attack.

Hundreds of workers had to run across the landing ground to reach their shelters—a fine target for the enemy.

I will gladly pass on these allegations for official investigation.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—A Kent farmer sent fifty-one bags of beans to market; as you know, a bag weighs 40 lb. Each had cost him 8d to pick.

Only twenty-seven bags were sold. After rail and commission charges, he received 8s. 4d.

So he and other farmers, faced with ruin, are having to reduce their staff They are left with tons of produce to rot. Yet they were promised fair prices by your Ministry.

There is a glut of some foodstuffs, a shortage of others, because crop-raising has been uncontrolled.

To avoid a repetition next year, start now to ensure that allotment holders shall not waste their efforts and swamp the market with unwanted vegetables.

Zone the whole country.

Tell each farmer which crops he can grow to return him a fair profit and avoid glut and scarcity.—JOHN BULL.

Lady (NORAH) LEGGE,
Old Bosham, Hampshire

DEAR MADAM,—It's lucky that the light in your house was put out by a soldier's bullet, not by a Nazi bomb. You're lucky, too, in being fined only £2.

Many poor people are punished far more heavily. In some districts, fines from £10 to £25 are imposed for the first black-out offence.

Far better for the reputation of British justice if all magistrates adopted a standard that would prevent these gross anomalies.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. CLARA BARKER,
Uffoxeter Road, Normacot

MADAM,—I hope you won't be able to pay that fine of £52, for you deserve the alternative of six months in jail.

On the small sums you lent to neighbours, you charged interest varying from 1,000 to 5,200 per cent. A woman who borrowed 10s. one week had to repay £1 the next.

Sometimes you held all your clients' money and bought their food for them; I can well believe that you had become "a terror in the district."

By comparison, Shylock was a philanthropist.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. MALCOLM MACDONALD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—I am glad you urged local councils to adopt the cheap milk scheme. Now tell them to speed-up its operation

Typical of what is happening is the woman at Heydon, Cambs, who applied for milk for her small son.

Three weeks after her application she wrote to the Milk Officer. Still no answer. After a further fortnight, she went to the Food Office, and was promised prompt attention.

That is more than a week ago—yet she's still waiting.—JOHN BULL.

Sir RAYMOND BIRCHALL,
General Post Office

DEAR SIR RAYMOND.—In a vulnerable city, post office employees work under a glass roof.

Appeals for the erection of a steel shelter that has been rusting in the yard for months have been ignored.

Now that this scandal has been reported, I know it will quickly end.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTORS,
London, Midland and Scottish Railway

GENTLEMEN,—War is still a good thing for you.

Overcharging for refreshments served to troops has horrified the public

Now a reader sends me a bill for a glass of port he bought in one of your hotels. Charge, 2s. 6d., plus 6d. for service—total, 3s.

No wonder your company can afford so many directors.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTOR,
Army Post Office

DEAR SIR,—Will you not try to speed up mails to soldiers in Egypt and Palestine? Some have been without letters for as long as three and four months.

That imposes too great a strain on the men and their folks at home.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman S. N. ADAMS,
Leicester Co-operative Society

SIR,—Cries of "Shame," raised when you announced that wives of conscientious objectors will be refused jobs by your society will be echoed by every straight-thinking man and woman.

Persecution of minorities is one of the worst crimes of our common enemy, and we shan't beat Hitler by imitating his bigotry.—JOHN BULL.

General Sir ALAN BROOKE,
Commander-in-Chief, Home Forces

DEAR GENERAL.—It's a tribute to you that you always occupy the Army's difficult jobs.

After creating the Tank Corps, developing our anti-aircraft divisions from a handful of guns, forming the B.E.F. line from Lille to the Somme, you've now revolutionised Britain's defences.

Well, as Commander-in-Chief you've yet to smooth out the last of the Home Guard muddles. In particular, patrols attached to collieries and other private properties cannot receive adequate training or equipment through lack of co-operation from their employers.

I suspect that some of the latter are interested only in getting unpaid watchmen.—JOHN BULL.

SOLDIERS IN FABRIC

AMONG the modern methods of warfare now being eagerly discussed by staff officer and recruit, veteran gunner and eager young infantry subaltern is something that has exercised the ingenuity of soldiers since metal was first introduced to the battlefield.

From the leather jackets worn by the soldiers at the beginning of history to the bronze helmet, cuirass and greaves worn by the Greeks, from the metal and leather protection worn by the Romans to the suits of mail weighing a hundred pounds worn by the knights of the tournament, men-at-arms have never been able to leave alone the idea that they could defeat the enemy by inventing a protective suit.

As soon as fire power defeated the existing armour, something else was tried.

Now the steel helmet is all that is left officially of this aspiration, even though gangsters and politicians still put their faith in bullet-proof waistcoats.

Yet military experts still think they can provide the average soldier with a simple type of armour.

And experts have worked miracles with modern materials to give him protection.

There is a jerkin, weighing fourteen pounds, that gives protection for chest and abdomen against long-distance fire. But it will not stand machine-gun bullets at close range.

Still determined to find complete protection for mobile troops at little cost, scientists are now experimenting with plastics.

There is a possibility of sandwiching thin sheets of steel between layers of such plastic material as bakelite, which is made by heating carbolic acid with formalin or formaldehyde, thus creating a synthetic resin.

Only half the weight of aluminium, the raw materials for bakelite are obtainable in this country.

An alternative material is laminated fabric, which would be more suitable for soldiers to whom freedom of movement was essential.

Laminated fabric is canvas, cloth or denim impregnated with resin by a process of compression and heat.

Although not as strong as metal, this fabric withstands the majority of missiles and remains washable and pliable.

BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN

Aussies Mean Business

BY RICHARD CHARTERIS

Sons of the Empire, they're here to see that the green acres of their beloved mother country are never besmirched by the heels of Nazi boots, and this article, No. 2 of a series, shows how determined are the fighting Cobbers

WHEN I arrived, the two soldiers were already there. Sergeant Tom Smith, of the Australian Artillery, dark-browed, with warm grey eyes, was looking down lazily from his height of six feet two, at his partner, Sergeant Bob Cole. The latter appeared small and slight by contrast.

But that was an illusion. Bob was wiry and compact, a packet of energy.

Over a coffee the three of us talked of our wonderful R.A.F.

"But it's rum—this war!" said Sergeant Tom Smith.

"Not a bit like we expected, eh, Bob?"

"It brought off a happy surprise for us both though, right from the start. Tell him about it, Bob."

Bob grinned, pulled at his pipe, and said: "Well, it combed us out of the tropics, if that's anything—Tom from Port Darwin in Northern Territory, and me from the Islands—New Guinea; and it brought us together again after we'd lost one another for over two years."

"Queer," commented Tom, "that was on the transport which was bringing us across. After we'd been a week out, Saw Bob trotting down a cabinway, and recognised the little runt by the back of his neck."

"What were you doing in New Guinea?" I asked Bob.

"It was just the life I wanted," he replied. "A chance came my way and I took it. And I've never regretted it.

"I was born at Dubbo, New South Wales, about three hundred miles west of Sydney.

"I was in accountancy.

"Tom here was an economist and an accountant, and some work he was on brought him to my office in Dubbo. We palled up straightaway.

"But I preferred an active life to book-work; so when this New Guinea opportunity showed up I jumped straight in. New Guinea was under German 'protection' before the last war, but is now mandated territory.

"My job was Patrol Officer in native administration: settling native squabbles, judging native court cases, constantly patrolling the Sepik river and district.

"Dense forest comes right down to your back door there.

Australians in training in Britain demonstrate their natural fitness, the heritage of the great wide open spaces, by going through their drill with the agility of first-class athletes

"You couldn't bathe there. It teemed with crocodiles. When I first went out to take over my post it took a week by inter-island ship to reach Rabaul, the capital.

"Then there was a six-day journey up coast. We made for the Maprik station by plane, a trip of just twenty minutes, which would have taken four days on the hoof.

"MAPRIK Station consisted of only twelve whites, to administer a huge area inhabited by tens of thousands of natives. Small men they are, ferocious as fighters, fearless, too, and tremendous workers.

"Eventually I came to Angoram, on the Sepik river. That was a two days' trek.

"The Angoram station was made up of three men: my chief, the medical man and myself. No white woman was allowed on the river. All around beyond the jungle was swamp.

"Natives are proud of their self-mutilations—long parallel scars, close criss-crossings, and relics of knotted wounds inflicted by knives and sharp flints. They fear one thing—the spirits or 'Tambarans' who govern their lives.

"Our greatest trial there was the mosquitoes.

"Funny thing, I never had malaria once while I was out there, but I fell for it while we were on our way here.

"THE old natives recall the rule under Germany with anger.

"In one village a headman once pointed out a tree to me. It looked as if the centre had been blasted out by shell-fire. 'Someting b'long German,' said the headman. It appeared that 'the German administration, in order to awaken respect for themselves in the hearts of the natives, had machine-gunned the village; and the tree was the scene of a small-scale massacre.

"The natives have vowed never to serve 'killum master' again. They swear by the British.

"A little steamer came chugging up once a month, and the native police looked us up each week with the mail.

"When war broke out, the Government wouldn't allow us to enlist.

"After a month or so there came an announcement over the radio which gave me a thrill, there in the lonely jungle: civil servants were permitted to volunteer.

"I joined up from Angoram. At Rabaul I found that there was a muster of fifty-five of us, from all parts of the island, where they had been scattered over its thousands of square miles.

"There were miners, patrol officers, medical assistants, prospectors, all animated by one emotion, which was almost exultation at being given the chance to serve the Old Motherland.

"Eventually, we got to the big camp at Redbank, Queensland, where we were drafted into various units; and after a short preparatory period we were steaming away from the land we loved towards the land most of us had never looked upon, but which, perhaps, we loved in some strange way even more.

"And it was there that I bumped into Tom again.

"Yes," growled Tom, "Bob had the advantage of me. He got the heat out there, and with it the beauty and the plenty I got the heat, and not much more. That was at Port Darwin.

"Darwin is a tropical town. To state that it never does things by half would be utterly misleading. It never did anything else.

"For six months the sun blazed steadily; for the next six months it rained ramrods without ceasing.

"During the last few years Darwin has ballooned out of all recognition.

"Land values have rocketed in three years by over a thousand per cent. That was due to the large Defence Programme and the Quantas activities. Quantas stands for 'Queensland and Northern Territory Air Service,' a continuation of the Imperial Service.

"Air lines now link Darwin directly with every big city in Australia, except Melbourne.

"At Darwin there are only a thousand whites, but nearly three times that number of aboriginals and half-castes.

"Years back, Vestey's, the meat people, started to build, at a cost of two million pounds, a magnificent meat-packing centre up there.

"From 1918 to 1925 the work went on. Then labour troubles finally brought it to a halt.

"There it remained—this magnificent factory in the tropics, 'Vestey's Folly,' which gradually began to wrinkle into ruin.

"About March of last year the Australian Mobile Force rolled up and occupied the building as a barracks.

"On October 20 I joined up for the war with about 150 others, and we were shunted straightaway to Vestey's Barracks, as they were called by that time.

"Then while you in England were experiencing one of your worst winters, we had the other side of the shield. Heat! Phew! And we drilled in it—in shorts and singlets!

"LADS came to us from everywhere around; some from Alice Springs, right in the centre of the territory, travelling 650 miles by truck to Birdum, and then 300 miles by train to Darwin.

"With the exception of about a dozen of us white-collar sort, they were all real tough men, cut to pattern from the old pioneering days.

"They included boundary riders, miraculous horsemen they are, better in reality in their feats of endurance and spectacular tricks than the much-vaunted cowboys of the Wild West; mining prospectors and buffalo hunters.

"There were crocodile shooters in the bunch, too; and they all had a grouse about the decay of their industry, for when war broke out they were getting only about twenty-five shillings for a full hide—dangerous work whatever they got.

"Our shift to Sydney was a bit of a surprise, 2,300 miles by planes.

"One of our planes, carrying thirteen men, crashed and burst into flames. Luckily, none was killed. Two were badly injured, but recovered.

"On May 4 we embarked and steamed out for what we thought was to be the Holy Land—Palestine. But here we are now, in the Strand, London, England.

"At first our boys felt that the English were too reserved, too stiff. At least, I did. But in the light of subsequent hospitality and kindliness showered on us, I fully realised my mistake.

"What has taken my fancy more than anything else here is the beautiful greenness of the countryside. It's staggering; the fruit trees, the neat hedges, and calm grasslands. Never have I seen such glorious pasturage.

"YOU ask why did I join up?

"Well, I've asked myself the same question every day since I found myself in Vestey's Barracks.

"But I suppose if I hadn't, I'd be asking myself every day, 'Why don't you?'

"I imagine the true reason's the same as Bob's. We thought alike. That's if we thought at all.

"Whatever the reason, it brought us to the same spot, ready for the same job of work.

"I don't think you Homelanders will be disappointed when the boys 'go to it.'"

THE GREATEST OF THESE

PLEASE help Mrs. J. Morgan, of Glasgow, a soldier's wife, who has more than her share of worry. She has recently lost one of her children, is now desperately trying to pay not only doctor and undertaker, but also to provide nourishing food for her other daughter, who can be kept alive only by being fed on delicacies.

Mrs Morgan, described by her doctor as "a respectable, hard-working woman, very deserving of assistance," also suffers from poor health and needs nourishment that she cannot possibly buy with her Army pay.

Her husband was unemployed for many years before he enlisted at the beginning of the war.

Your gift would help to alleviate her distress. Please earmark it "Baby," or for General Fund, and address to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the fund.

WE ARE GRATEFUL TO THOSE WHO SEND TO US ANONYMOUSLY.

War's First Year Has Brought

COUNTRY LIFE JOYS FOR "TOWNIES" ★ GREAT ADVENTURE OVERSEAS

By Maurice Fagence

JUST a year ago, when it seemed certain at last that war couldn't be avoided, a minor revolution took place in this country.

Hundreds of thousands of our town children who couldn't go far out of the sight of their mothers without creating palpitations were sent into the countryside to new people, new ways of living, new ideas, new customs.

What consternation it produced! Do you remember?

How difficult it was to stop Johnnie Smith climbing the local belfry when he had hundreds of acres of sweet meadow to play on.

No easier to convince the village folk that Johnnie Smith, spending all his playtime in an alley, had only a lamp-post as a plaything, and that a belfry was nearer to his idea of fun than a spinney.

Thousands of villagers wrote hate letters about the little Johnnies and Elsies.

And the Johnnies and Elsies wrote hate letters home about villagers.

Just a year ago—and what changes have occurred in the meantime!

"*Amazing improvement in health all round*," say 99 per cent. of the medical reports to the Ministry of Health.

Youngsters who didn't know what an egg looked like a year ago have learnt the delights of Spring and summer woods, of the meadows and fragrant hayfields.

They know just why you should close a gate, that trampling on crops means wasted food.

They know that their community depends on the sheep and cattle round them: that these are not things to be chased or otherwise frightened.

They are part of their communities now.

They are helping with the harvest.

They have learnt to milk cows, churn butter, feed animals, ride farm horses.

They are digging potatoes, gathering fruit, pulling sugar beet, gathering acorns for fodder, gathering and grading eggs for market.

They run allotments in many places. One school of towns children took over half an acre of cement-like land and pretty well fed the village off it.

Then they found a barn in which they could saw logs for local fires.

THEY have learnt from the village youngsters; but village youngsters have learnt from the "townies" as well.

Most town schools had film projectors—rare things in village schools. The London schools alone took 120 first-grade instruments into evacuation areas.

More than 3,600 films are being lent from the L.C.C. film library to village schools, where children of the plough now know just as much what power-houses, underground stations and Government buildings look like as London youngsters themselves.

The London youngsters evacuated to two particular counties organised an entire Drama Festival.

One school gave—and gave very delightfully—"She Stoops to Conquer."

Village teachers say there are certain town ways that they'll never allow to disappear from their schools.

"What, no directory of names and addresses?" said girls of one city evacuated to a tiny village.

So they compiled one themselves, giving every local fact of any importance.

Bethnal Green youngsters took their printing press with them.

First book they published—nicely bound—was a joint history of Bethnal Green and the town in which they are spending war time.

Unhappily, the uprooting of a great mass of children from their homes brought to light the sad fact that some of them—a small proportion only—lived normally in terrible conditions.

This truth came as a shock.

SOME, it is true, are still untamed!

But country people are sensible!

Not for long were they inclined to blame little children for matters that should have been laid at the door of the parents, sometimes of the nation—in some instances *you*!

Some of them are pleading to be allowed to adopt wild young animals whom they thought fit only for the jungle a year ago.

Britain's Twelve Months' Revolution has been pretty successful.

SHACKLETON never had so many Great Adventures on his decks. Nor Scott. Nor even Drake.

These adventurers stood on a drab London railway platform dreaming of the great thrills on which they were embarking—thrills that would make the future air raid experiences of us left behind seem just so-so.

Many were going to hit the trail with Red Indians. One was going to become a second Buffalo Bill.

Another intended to spear crocodiles, yet another to dive for pearls.

He didn't know where the pearls were to be found, but pioneers don't go after certainties.

I don't know how many intended to master bucking bronchos, or lay a trail of fire from one end to the other of the Canadian-American frontier—on horseback, of course.

But one of the feminine Adventurers—yes, there were girls among them—intended to risk her life tending the babies of cannibals.

Then an end to this dreaming.

A voice thundered: "*Parents! Just ten minutes to say goodbye.*"

Nine minutes after, the same voice shouted: "*Parents! One minute to get behind the barriers.*"

Now the Adventurers were alone—not crying. Adventurers never do.

"Children," a voice commanded. "All set! MARCH!"

The doors that slammed on them were doors of security closed between them and the Huns who would rob this country of their cheerful and virile selves.

Canada has the joy of looking after them until the day of the Victory March. We must just feel a little lump in the throat when we think of them.

The Children's Overseas Reception Board has the names of 202,000 children whom parents hope to send to the care of Canada, Australia and New Zealand—and later other parts of the Empire and the United States.

More than 2,000 of them have already started life in their temporary war time homes.

CHILDREN of the rich?

Not so, even though one critic, seeing how well they were equipped when they left a British port, said, "There go the millionaire's kids, on their way to safety."

These are youngsters evacuated by the State to offset the private evacuation of children of the rich—so that the rest of the world shall get a proper cross-section of British childhood, not just a slice of Mayfair.

Most of them come from State-aided schools.

As long as parents can afford to pay 6s. a week, no questions are asked.

If the parents cannot afford the 6s., the only question asked concerns the capacity of the parents to pay a proportion of that amount.

No other embarrassing questions.

No refusal of a child because it comes from the slummiest of slum homes; even if its father is in prison.

Nobody to ask whether it is legitimate or otherwise.

"Look through this armful of question forms issued by us," said an official of the Children's Overseas Reception Board. "No mention of a birth certificate whatsoever."

Christ *did* say: "The *least* of these, My little ones."

If the Ranee of Sarawak truly told Canada to "expect our riff-raff," she may well reflect on that one word *least*.

OH, they wear home-mades.

Mothers have slaved for weeks to send them looking pretty. Dad has found pound-notes somewhere.

One little boy, travelling to Australia, insisted on having his shirt held up in full view all the time he had a bath because his little hoard of money was stitched in the tail.

Geoffrey Shakespeare, in charge of the scheme, sees them off sometimes. He has become Uncle Geoff. to them. We have seen him as a Wicked Uncle on some political matters, but he does this job well.

When he went to one port the other day one youngster cried because the ship had only two "funnels," and he had expected at least three: another, dismayed on being told by the captain that he hadn't been to Australia before, said tersely, "That means we're going to lose our way."

Their last wave was for Uncle Geoff.

Lines the Nazis Cannot Cut

FIRST act of Nazi parachutists, German propagandists threaten, will be dislocating the country's communications by cutting all telephone and telegraph wires in sight.

Post Office engineers smile at the threat.

For years they have been changing overhead wires into underground cables.

Every motorist has seen the deep roadside trenches and pipes now carrying the vital wires.

To-day less than one-tenth of our telephone wires are above ground.

The rest, 14,500,000 miles of cable, are buried.

Ordinary lines through the countryside are buried only a few feet deep because the risks of direct bomb-hits are remote, but important Trunk and Government cables, passing through danger areas, buried 40 ft. down, are proof against direct hits.

"Duplication" has been the engineers' war motto.

Important trunk lines are duplicated and triplicated by different routes.

A damaged line could be switched over in a few seconds.

If all triple lines were cut, important calls could be re-routed through other exchanges.

It is impossible to cut off any town.

Main national and international trunk exchanges are heavily fortified and triplicated.

Heavy reserves of apparatus are kept at each centre.

Important provincial exchanges are solidly fortified, and even the ordinary exchange is strengthened and protected.

The new "underground" policy, which has cut down breakdowns by 90 per cent., proved itself when an explosion razed half a block of city buildings.

The local telephone service was hardly affected.

The Post Office is prepared for bomb, parachutist or Fifth Column damage.

Delicate instruments at exchanges will tell engineers the exact point of breakdown. Special war repair squads will rush to the spot. If necessary, cable-laying vans can put down temporary wires at a speed of 40 m.p.h.

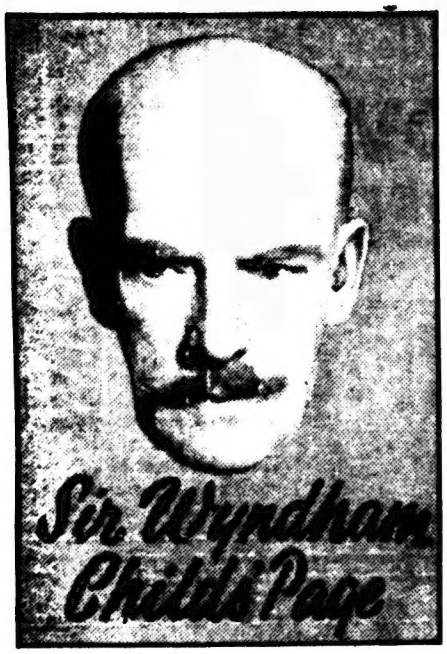
If Post Office lines were all cut, the Royal Corps of Signals could come to the rescue with their radios, lamp and heliographs, dispatch riders, pigeon and dog messengers.

Ten thousand Post Office men are now in the Signals.

All A.R.P., Fire Brigade and other important services have their own duplicated and deeply buried private lines.

Hitler's seizure of the Continent has not greatly disturbed our overseas cables.

Most Continental cables are blocked, but messages are quite simply re-routed—round Africa, America, or even completely round the globe!



You Have Been Warned!

"NEW IDEA" crooks are now specialising in selling bogus "war" assurances.

One rogue is urging people to buy policies from a famous United States assurance society whose name he completely misuses. He offers alleged "free life contracts" at attractive rates.

Busy around London recently, he'll be somewhere else soon. And there are others like him.

YET another of those pestilent chain-letter schemes has been launched.

Circulars, bearing no address, but giving the names and addresses of six people, urge recipients to send sixpence to the first-named on the list.

His or her duty is to send a similar amount to the next, and so on.

"As you will see by simple arithmetic, when your name reaches the top you should receive thousands of postal orders," explains the circular, adding that the recipient should hand the proceeds over to some "war charity or church-working party."

How pleasant for dishonest subscribers—and for the unnamed promoters!

NEW long-firm frauds, chiefly in foodstuffs, have been planned by several notorious crooks, who aim at getting a quick rake-off through working a topical variation of the old "direct from producer to consumer" dodge.

Chief is a jailbird of "long-firm" notoriety, and while I am watching his movements carefully, this brief warning must suffice.

I will have more to say later when it is time to put an end to the conspiracy.

PHOTOGRAPHIC swindlers are finding plenty of victims among Service men on leave.

A Canadian soldier and his girl friend were photographed by a tout off Regent Street, London, the other day. Photographs which cost him six shillings are before me—three are blurs, the remainder are little better.

This robbery ought to receive official attention at once!

GOVERNMENT MUST ACT!

SCORES of towns, and scores of thousands of householders, have been overwhelmed by sudden ruin: ruin so stark and complete that it has become the biggest social problem of the war.

Once-prosperous shopkeepers find themselves deprived of their livelihood. Their customers have been made homeless and penniless.

This inevitable result of evacuation from the coastal areas was foreseen.

It has been the subject of many protests and deputations.

Yet, even though it grows in gravity every week, no scheme of special relief has yet been offered to its victims.

However great their distress, their only hope is to apply to the public assistance authorities.

Moreover, all these people may be faced with large bills for rates when they are allowed to return.

REAL TRAGEDY

One South Coast restaurant proprietor, who writes in great perplexity, *was ordered to leave his home within three days.*

Not because he was considered a doubtful citizen, but for reasons of defence.

He and his family left behind equipment worth thousands of pounds, large stocks and their means of earning a living.

With a contractor's bill for removal of some of his furniture, this ruined man has now received a demand note for rates amounting to £90—for the coming year!

It is true that a Government moratorium has been declared as the one sop offered to the coastal areas.

But how inadequate this step really is can be judged by this:

A husband and wife, both more than seventy, own two bungalows on the Isle of Sheppey.

They lived in one and normally let the other to holiday visitors.

Now holiday-makers are barred from the district, and the old couple have decided to move.

Yet—as matters stand at present—they will have to pay the accumulated rates on both bungalows after the war—an impossible task when they are without means.

Emptying the premises of all furniture, some rating officers declare, is not sufficient to avoid payment of rates.

WHAT IT MEANS

Indeed, there is so much uncertainty about the exact scope of the moratorium that I had better explain it before I give further examples of the distress that has overtaken large areas.

Briefly, evacuated people can take advantage of the moratorium only if the Government has declared their district to be affected by an Evacuation Order.

You are not protected if you left your house voluntarily and were not advised to do so by the authorities.

The relief granted merely postpones your liability to pay certain debts as long as the Evacuation Order remains in force.

It doesn't extinguish the debt.

You can't claim protection on debts incurred after July 10, 1940, or debts that you should have paid before the Evacuation Order for your district was made.

There is one exception. If you're a borrower under a mortgage made before July 10, the courts may protect you from proceedings for possession or foreclosure.

Far more drastic measures must be taken if many people are to be saved from extreme hardship.

Brighton's reputation for justice is being tarnished through tenants who can no longer afford to pay the rent being turned out of council houses.

One is a man of seventy-three, with two sons in the Army, who has been made penniless by the war.

MY DEMAND

Local councils are not altogether to blame for trying to maintain their falling revenue by legal demands that are none the less onerous

Great Yarmouth, for instance, groans under a debt of £2,000,000. It has a bank overdraft of about £50,000.

The town has lost £12,000 on a thousand properties that have become empty. Because its boarding houses and hotels have no guests, the loss on rates will mount still higher.

Yet the town is not allowed to suspend payment on sinking funds during the war—an obvious stroke of fairness that would reduce rates by 3s. 6d.

I cannot pretend to understand why a comprehensive and National scheme of relief has not yet been created to deal with all victims of evacuation and air raid damage.

HOUSEWIVES are being defrauded by bogus nurses who make house-to-house calls selling air-raid medical outfits at prohibitive prices.

They suggest that they are acting for a local hospital or municipal authority.

Samples exhibited are good, but the orders when completed are found to be inferior materials or—just rubbish.

Reputable welfare workers have official sanction for canvassing the sale of real medical preparations.

So confound the impostors by demanding to see their credentials!

Sir Robert Gower, who has led two deputations of M.P.s, rightly urges the Government to grant compensation now to people who cannot afford to wait until after the war.

By a campaign of publicity I shall support Sir Robert and his fellow spokesmen—who in Parliament represent the worst areas concerned—of our new "distressed areas."

Week by week, I shall expose the plight of families who have been ordered to leave their homes and are thereby deprived of their livelihood.

I shall deal with the losses of people whose property has been demolished or shattered by enemy bombs.

WRITE TO ME!

If you are a victim of these terrible problems, write to me at once.

Between us, and with the help of M.P.s and local authorities, I believe we shall persuade the Government to cease "consideration" of the war's biggest burden and take some much-belated action.

Sell-Out Traps for Traders

IN defence areas, seaside and near-coast towns, from Scarborough to Dover and Folkestone to Penzance, sharp practice business men are attempting to profit from the misfortunes of small shopkeepers.

Traders, forced to put up the shutters through the absence of holiday-makers and residents, are tempted to accept the dirt cheap prices offered for their stocks by the unscrupulous.

Scores of them have fallen for the bait.

Now their protective trades' associations have found a way of outwitting the jackals.

The Drapers' Chamber of Trade, among the first to receive complaints about easy-profit snatchers pestering seaside drapers, acted swiftly.

A disposal-of-stocks-scheme was introduced so that retailers could sell unwanted stocks at fair prices through the Chamber to traders in reception areas who needed them.

Otherwise, they are advised to get rid of them through recognised valuers and transfer agents of the trade.

The National Chamber of Trade has circularised associations concerned with various trades, putting forth suggestions as to how to deal with the problem.

Now no hard-hit trader need fall into the clutches of the slick gentry eager to help him out of his troubles by relieving him of his stock at a ridiculously low figure, only to make an immediate and enormous profit by offering it where it is urgently needed.

There is a ready demand at fair prices for all these goods, and many manufacturers are only too glad to buy them back.

Even though a small trader's mixed goods are generally not suitable for export, the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, which watches the interests of manufacturers and merchants, is eager to help.

The Government is also lending its support through the Board of Trade where it can.

JOHN BULL warns the small shopkeeper

"Don't panic and be a heavy loser.

"If you must sell out, do it through your trade association. And give short shrift to any robber who attempts to make easy money out of your misfortunes."

Guinea for Public Benefactor

Mr. H. J. Robins, Stockton Road, Edmonton, London, N., receives this week's £1 1s. for information my department will find most useful for record purposes.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor" and write about any subject calling for investigation or editorial comment.

Northern Borrowers Aid & Protection Society, Limited

In our issue of May 27, 1939, an article was published criticising the activities of Northern Borrowers Aid and Protection Society, Ltd.

The article was published in good faith, but upon the mistaken assumption that the material before us was accurate and complete.

We have therefore tendered our apologies to the Society and its Directors for any annoyance the article may have caused them, and wish to withdraw any aspersion which might otherwise rest upon the Society, and in addition we have made a payment by way of damages and for costs.

Hitler's Miles of Worry

Hitler started this war with a coastline of 1,200 miles; his aggressive legions have added four thousand miles, and now it is the Nazi leader, not Winston Churchill, who lies awake at night wondering how to stem the threatened invasion

IT pleases the limping Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Nazi lie-monger No. 1, to picture a terrified Britain, cringing in fear at the mere thought of the German armed might now waiting to give us a taste of total war.

You have only to listen to the oily sneers, the proud taunts of the German radio speakers, from announcers to members of the High Command, to realise that it brings great joy to German hearts to think we are afraid.

"Where will we strike? When will we strike? How shall we strike?" These questions were asked in melodramatic tones by a German *luftwaffe* commander.

It's a pity he didn't stop to think that such questions can be used even more effectively by British speakers to terrify Germany.

And that when Britain, with a compact, well-guarded coastline of 3,000 miles, asks the question, the answer is "We can strike anywhere on the 5,200-mile coastline that Hitler now has to guard."

The truth of the matter is that it is Hitler, not Churchill, who lies awake at night wondering how best to stem the tidal wave of invasion.

Not even a madman, who has already played dangerously with fate, could look at these facts without realising that he has every chance now of getting what was coming to him.

Just look at these facts.

Study the map on this page; consider what it means.

It is all very well for the Nazi expert to gloat over the map of Europe, noting with satisfaction the land now stained by German conquest, talking blithely of a German blockade, triumphantly claiming that Britain is hemmed in on every side.

But it isn't.

Germany's position may look impressive; but so does the position of a big fat man sitting on top of a beached mine—until the mine explodes.

BRITAIN'S position is secure.

In our tight little, right little island we have a limited coastline of 3,000 miles to defend, but unlimited means with which to defend it.

This fair, green land we all hold so dear is manned solidly by troops; it is bristling with guns and studded with wonderfully equipped airfields; and its people are fired by an all-absorbing desire to push the Nazi régime about until it just doesn't matter any more.

Britain has never before been so united in its endeavour, so determined to a man to parry and thrust and fight until there isn't an enemy left to hold a rubber truncheon.

But Hitler's problematic conquests have created strategical puzzles that must make even Nazi ingenuity wilt. Instead of increasing Germany's strength, they are pulling her down to her doom.

Bogged down in a mess of her own making, she will be struggling helplessly, trying to free hand and foot from the embarrassing tentacles of her brood when she most needs those limbs to fight for her life.

LET us see what Hitler has been doing while Britain has been changing from a land of free ports and pleasure beaches into a fortress.

There was no likelihood of Poland ever attacking the Third Reich, yet the Fuehrer destroyed his eastern frontier, so that he should have the far more formidable Soviet Russia as his neighbour.

And he must at once set to work to vie with Joseph Stalin in constructing magnificent defences.

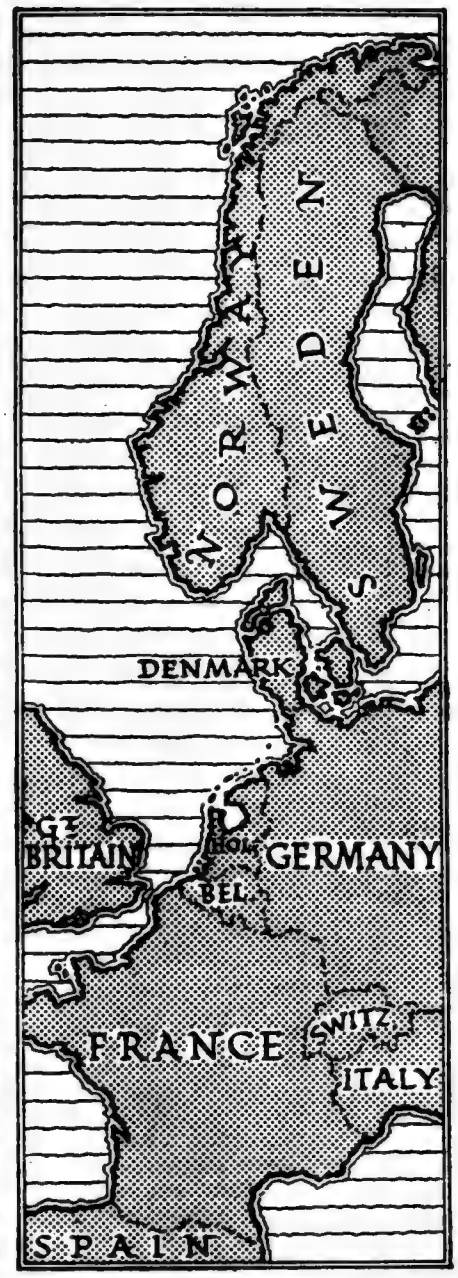
As allies, these two blood-brothers are a cynical example of Totalitarian trust.

Hitler had small, friendly countries in the north and north-east. Such small neighbours as Denmark, Holland and Belgium made useful contributions of butter and eggs, cheese and meat to the Nazi pantry. There was no fear of their attacking Germany.

There was no need for Hitler to force himself to fortify those frontiers.

Yet for reasons best known to Hitler—and the German High Command—he had to throw away these advantages.

His troops poured into this convenient kitchen-garden, tore up its produce by the roots, killed off its animals and turned a peaceful asset into a barren Tom Tiddler's ground.



Maybe, as Lord Halifax suggested, there is something in the Nazi régime that we can never understand. Certainly it does work in a mysterious way its wonders to perform.

For wanton violation of neutral frontiers has had dire results.

EVEN before the war Nazis were afraid of a British invasion of Germany's North Sea coast.

Hundreds of thousands of soldiers were rushed to Schleswig-Holstein to build fortifications and military aerodromes on Sylt and the mainland behind Sylt.

Now this nightmare extends northwards to the Arctic Circle, southward to the Spanish frontier. And with such a coastline, no concentration of forces is possibly around Sylt as Britain has achieved around her shores.

Hitler has had to disperse his land and air forces.

The shores of Belgium, France, Holland, Norway and Denmark have been equipped with anti-aircraft guns and balloon barrages and fighter aircraft stations. So many German soldiers are needed in Holland that they have their own newspaper.

Fifty miles of unguarded frontier between Germany and Denmark have become approximately 1,000 miles of extremely vulnerable mainland and island coastline.

Then there is the Norwegian coastline to defend.

To all intents and purposes this means 1,400 miles, although the Norwegian coastline, including multiple islands and fjords, is 12,000 miles.

FRIENDLY frontiers of the Low Countries have been exchanged for 350 miles of Dutch and Belgian coast on seas that Hitler does not control.

The attack on France added another 1,503 miles of French beaches stretching from Calais to Biarritz.

And now population of Hitler's conquered provinces exceeds that of Germany itself.

At the outbreak of war he had armies, estimated to contain 3,000,000 men, compactly grouped between the Rhine and Vistula. Many of these men now police restless and stubborn "conquered" peoples over an area twice as large as pre-war Germany.

On the other side of the Continent, Hitler's preoccupations are just as overwhelming.

Russia's forward march into the Balkans, although temporarily halted, may be resumed as soon as Hitler is heavily engaged elsewhere.

Balkan countries do not love Hitler.

They contribute to the Nazi larder only because they are afraid of the Nazi air force.

For Germany, Italy is an ally who performed a useful task in stabbing France in the back. But her powers of endurance are not great, and she is not loved by her Mediterranean neighbours.

A BRITISH Expeditionary Force landed anywhere on the Continent would be greeted joyfully by the oppressed inhabitants.

This applies not only to conquered peoples, but also to such countries as Austria, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia, who have felt the Prussian boot.

So terrifying are Hitler's strategic problems and so loose his hold on his "conquests" that he knows, as long as Britain endures, the threat of raids on Nazi-controlled territory persists, to keep alive the spirit of revolt in conquered peoples.

An insurrection, arising out of famine or led by some ardent patriot in any of these conquered countries, might afford Britain an opportunity of penetrating Germany's flanks.

Hitler's violation of neutrals has meant that British bombers can extend their operations by direct flights to southern Germany and by laying mines in Germany's Baltic harbours.

Contraband control to the Continent has become superfluous.

No ships can reach Germany.

No cargoes can reach Germany through neutral ships, because there are so few neutrals left. Yet the grim spectre of European famine grows daily.

Hitler has put Germany in a position so vulnerable that retreat to beyond the frontiers he so arrogantly violated will eventually be the only step to save him from military disaster.

"AS SURE AS THE SUN WILL RISE"

AS sure as the sun will rise upon a better day, God will appoint in His Good Time His Crusade to lead the way, into the Coming Era which Time's Hand will unroll, where every man will be measured by the substance of his soul.

AS sure as the sun will rise upon a war-freed earth, God will reward each nation with the fulness of its worth, and place a Righteous Torch, where Evil no more shall be, to illumine the Greatest Sacrifice this earth may ever see.

AS sure as the sun will rise, those who have sold for fame the Freedom of their Fellow-men to add stature to their name will sink beneath the weight of their treachery to lie on the death-bed of their ambition while the Devil watches by.

AS sure as the sun will rise, the wrong these men have done, the terror and the cruelty by which they thought they'd won, will be turned upon themselves, and they will come to reap the harvest of haunted fear-filled minds which knows no healing sleep.

AS sure as the sun will rise, the morning will stream forth, when all the Roads of Liberty, from east, west, south and north, will ring with the Thanksgiving of Peoples once more Free, SO ARE NEW WORLDS CREATED ABOVE CALAMITY.

J. M.

HANNEN SWAFFER, introducing the presidential candidate who made his nomination speech at the school that twice expelled him, says there couldn't be a better breaker of rules than

WENDELL WILLKIE

IF, by an unexpected chance, Wendell Willkie becomes the next President of the United States, he will have broken all the rules.

When, for instance, the other day, he made his nomination speech, he delivered it on the steps of the Elwood High School, from which he had twice been expelled for boyish pranks!

Then he is a man of whom, until a few months ago, comparatively few Americans had ever heard. More than that, he was nominated from the floor of the Republican Convention without any political backing, and in spite of the Machine.

Usually Presidential candidates are chosen from, at the most, half a dozen men who have been handpicked for years. Various groups make a deal and, in the end, the Machine decides.

Yet Wendell Willkie had the backing only of a few New York semi-socialites.

Fortunately for us, whichever side wins, the next President will be wholeheartedly pro-Ally, for Willkie is as much committed to the support of Britain's cause as is Roosevelt himself. They differ only in the method.

Another Rule Broken

Then Wendell Willkie broke another rule. He didn't equivocate.

A hundred newspapermen, facing all the possible candidates, put to each, in turn, "Are you all out to help the Allies?"

"There are degrees of help," began Taft.

"One must start by looking at the surrounding circumstances, but. . . ." said another.

"I admit we must accept the view that our beliefs are being upheld and that. . . ." began a third.

"Yes," replied Wilkie—just like that.

One hard-bitten newspaperman who had attended many such nomination meetings was so alarmed at hearing so definite a reply that he said, tremblingly, "If it's a dream, then let me sleep on, mother."

Willkie's "Yes" beat all his rivals.

There is yet another rule he has broken. All four of his grandparents were German. Yet in this war he is one of the most violent anti-Germans in the whole of the States.

Fugitive Forebears

His forebears were all fugitives from Germany after the Liberal revolution failed in 1848, and he was brought up in a Liberalism which he still defends.

We in England are tolerant.

"It isn't the German people," we say. "It was the Kaiser last time. This time it is Hitler."

Willkie says it is the German people.

"Germany is seeking to impose her own system on the world," he says, "to impoverish the world and enrich Germany."

Willkie hasn't as yet played any Party game. He is handicapped by the fact that he intensely admires his opponent.

He wanted to meet young Elliott Roosevelt, the President's son, recently. Hoover advised him against it.

"Why not?" said Willkie.

Hoover left the room. Willkie met young Roosevelt.

The Republicans are now trying to get him to look Middle-West to impress the electors. They want him to pitch hay, wear a huge white sombrero, milk cows, and sit on a reaper.

"Hooey," says Willkie.

THE TIDE IS

A year has passed since th un when Mr. Chamberlain ann unce we were once more at war ith the reckoning of these fateful foreshadow the fin verd

A. G. GA DI

ALL wars are gambles with known and unknown factors. No war ever went quite "according to plan."

When Suvarow was asked what form his campaign in Italy would take, he replied: "I begin by crossing the Adda: I end where God wills."

So is it with all wars. So is it with this.

It has taken a course which none foresaw or could have foreseen.

Let us look at the visible facts, leaving aside for the moment the invisible realities.

IF ON THAT SUNDAY MORNING A YEAR AGO WE COULD HAVE HAD A VISION OF THE COMING EVENTS AND OF THE MAP OF EUROPE AS IT IS TO-DAY WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN STRICKEN WITH FEAR.

We might have thought that the end of all things was at hand. For what would that vision have told us of the results of the first year of war?

The whole of Europe, from the Vistula to the North Sea and the English Channel, is in the possession of the enemy.

Poland is obliterated, her cities destroyed, her people massacred or driven into slavery.

Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium are all shattered and enslaved.

The mighty Maginot Line has crumpled to dust like a sand-castle on the sea-shore, and behind it France, our ally, lies battered and betrayed under the heel of Hitler.

The enemy is entrenched in sight of our shores, and every port in Western Europe from Narvik to the Bay of Biscay is in his hands.

SOUTHWARD, the brigand Mussolini, whom we paid so heavy a price to keep neutral, has plunged his country into the war on the side of its ancient enemy and has changed the whole situation in the Mediterranean and North Africa.

Our route to the East through the Mediterranean is closed, and with the loss of the support of the French navy and the French armies in Algeria and the Near East the whole burden of the war in that region has fallen on us alone.

The astounding successes of Hitler in Western Europe have reacted on the position in the Balkans.

There Germany is only held in check by fear of antagonising Russia, whose help to her in the Polish phase of the war was so unlooked for and so invaluable.

Such, in brief, are the visible results of the first year of the war.

They are a formidable catalogue, and I repeat that if at the beginning of the struggle we could have foreseen such a career of triumph for the enemy we should have had reason to fear the worst.

But adverse events are rarely as alarming in fact as they are in anticipation. That is so in this case.

In the nightmare days from April to the end of June it was not so. Then it seemed that the cause of the devil was in the ascendant.

Then it seemed that the German war machine might prove invincible.

But the nightmare has passed.

FROM THE MOMENT THAT WE STOOD ALONE THE SKY LIFTED, AND IT IS TRUE TO SAY THAT AT NO TIME SINCE THE WAR BEGAN HAS THE CONFIDENCE OF THIS COUNTRY IN ULTIMATE VICTORY BEEN SO HIGH AS IT IS TO-DAY.

THE map of Europe still looks terrible, but we can study it unafraid. We can even look across the Straits of Dover without fear.

I do not suggest that the danger has passed. The lightning blow has failed, and the nightmare has passed.

THE DANGER IS STILL PRESENT. WE HAVE STOPPED THE ROT, BUT THE ENEMY IS NOT YET ON THE RUN, AND VICTORY IS NOT YET IN SIGHT.

It was in the darkest hour that the change came over the scene. On the face of it the betrayal of France to the enemy should have been a knock-out blow for us. And for a moment it seemed that anything might happen.

But only for a moment. When the terrific impact of the blow had passed this nation found itself.

A new spirit thrilled through the people. We were alone confronting an embattled Europe.

Now our fate was in our own hands and in our own hands alone. And the nation rose as one man to the great argument.

It was in that critical hour that we found our leader. And let it be said here that it was the nation that found him.

NO MAN EVER CAME TO SUPREME POWER WITH SUCH UNANIMOUS ACCLAIM FROM A PEOPLE AS MR. CHURCHILL HAS DONE. AND NO WORDS CAN OVERSTATE THE INSPIRATION HE HAS BEEN TO THE NATION IN THIS VAST EMERGENCY.

It was said of General Kléber that it made men brave merely to look upon him.

It may be said of Mr. Churchill that his own greatness of spirit has run like a fire through the veins of the nation.

The sombre courage with which he piloted this country through the dark hour of France's degradation will make an unforgettable page in history.

A hero himself, he has filled this nation with an heroic spirit that is our best assurance of victory.

S WITH US

h unforgettable Sunday
nnced to the nation that
r ith Germany. What is
f eful months? Does it
n verdict?—asks

DINER

" It may be said of Mr. Churchill that his own greatness of spirit has run like a fire through the veins of the nation . . ."

And we have others. I have set out baldly e grim catalogue of Hitler's achievements in e first year of the war. Let us turn to the her side of the picture as we enter the cond year.

WHAT of that much-trumpeted invasion with which we were to be scared into surrender by August 15?

The date has gone by and the invasion s not come, nor been attempted.

It is too soon to write it off as an empty reat. But it is not too soon to say that, ether attempted or not, we do not fear it.

Two conditions are essential to the land- g of an army in this country—the control the sea and the control of the air. Hitler ntrols neither. We control both.

We knew that our control of the sea (even ter the defection of France) was absolute. so remains.

What we did not know was our qualitative premacy in the air.

THIS IS THE STARTLING REVELATION THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR.

It is this revelation which puts that map Hitler's conquests in its right perspective.

No one here imagined, still less did Goering imagine, that the most sensational fact of the first phase of the war would be the British dominion in the air.

So confident was Goering that that dominion was and would remain in Germany's hands that he even wrote off our sea supremacy as obsolete.

In commanding the air Germany would also command the sea, and, beaten in both vital elements, the doom of Britain would be sealed.

That dream has gone. We are the undisputed masters of the sea.

WE ARE ALREADY THE MORAL MASTERS IN THE AIR, AND EVERY WEEK WILL MAKE THAT MASTERY MORE ABSOLUTE.

As we grow stronger, Germany will grow weaker. The mighty devastations wrought by our bombers on the fuel supplies of the enemy cannot be replaced.

FOR here the sea comes in to complete the deadly work from the air.

The blockade cuts off from Germany all overseas sources of supply, notably that of oil, and reduced to what she can make at enormous cost and what she can get from Rumania, her vast war machine will slow down.

And as it slows down and as the legend of the invincibility of Nazi Germany is destroyed, those stricken peoples that envelop Germany will rise and smite the oppressor who has outraged and plundered their lands.

And in the forces that are shaping the ultimate verdict none is more significant than the moral awakening to the vast issues at stake that is daily deepening and widening.

In that awakening, Mr. Churchill's sounding eloquence has been priceless. It has lifted the argument to a higher plane. It has caught the ear of the world in all lands.

Never has this nation been inspired with so pure a flame of the spirit. Never has that Empire which Hitler thought would fall to ruins at the challenge of war been welded into such a unit of passion and purpose.

Witness the stream of gifts that come daily from the islands of the utmost seas.

MOST IMPRESSIVE OF ALL IS THE AWAKENING IN THE GREAT DEMOCRACY OF THE WEST.

IT HAS BEEN SLOW TO MOVE, BUT IT IS MOVING INFLEXIBLY TO THE DEFENCE OF THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM WHICH IS ITS OWN SACRED HERITAGE.

We have evidence of that in the events of the past week. The agreement between the United States and Canada for common defence measures and the proposed deal which would give destroyers to us and air bases in the West Indies to the United States are a landmark of the war and of the future.

Yes, we can contemplate Hitler's map of Europe without fear. And we can enter on the second year of the war with the assurance that the tide of events is with us.

ARGUE IT OUT **BY PALLAS**

Any Old Clothes?

ONCE upon a time—and this is not a fairy story—a well-to-do man was reproached by a friend for going about his home town shabbily dressed.

"Why should I worry about my clothes?" said the well-to-do man. "Everybody knows me here, so it doesn't matter."

Some time afterwards the friend met the same man in a town far away from his home. He was still shabbily dressed. The friend again uttered a reproach.

"Why should I worry about my clothes?" said the well-to-do man. "Nobody knows me here, so it doesn't matter."

I told that story to my wife when she urged me to buy a new winter overcoat and stop wearing my shabby seven-years-old one.

She could not see the point.

Few women, whose husbands like occasionally to put on their oldest clothes, would see the point.

Personally, one of the few good things that have come out of this war is the patriotic right to wear old clothes. I have always liked old clothes, old hats, old flannels, old raincoats.

* * *

One of the brighter sides of gardening is that I can wear my old, cracked, grime-encrusted shoes; that I can pull on trousers soiled with oil and grease and earth; and revel to my heart's content among weeds and dust and soil without danger of reprisal or criticism.

We are urged not to buy clothes.

That is the perfect answer to those who would clear out from our wardrobes those old and tried friends that have covered us year in year out without hope of renewal or repair.

With some people clothes to-day still make the man. They never did; they never will. As long as a man is clean and presentable, he is himself. No man should ask more.

Years ago I knew a man who was a millionaire many times over. He could have bought up Savile Row and the Burlington Arcade and made a corner in stupidly expensive clothes and shirts and ties and socks.

Instead, he bought two £3 suits a year.

His boots cost him about 15s. and his bowler hat set him back half a guinea. He never worried about his appearance. He wore the same clothes whether he was lunching with a peer or eating a bun at a coffee-stall.

Clothes didn't make him.

He made himself.

* * *

To-day suits are dear, so dear that many first-class tailors are finding it hard to avoid ruin.

Some have already closed; others will follow.

If you are wise, you will be like me and hang on tenaciously to whatever old clothes you have.

For months past my wife has been itching to clear out my wardrobe. Old favourite suits and trousers have been in danger of banishment.

To-day they are safe.

Old clothes have come into their own. They are expressive of the fact that we are fighting a total war, that every available resource we have must be husbanded for the great task ahead.

We can wear with unconcern those suits that are showing signs of frayed cuffs and worn turn-ups.

We can put them on without fear of being thought poor or mean.

We can wear them with a certain pride—the pride that comes of a quiet knowledge that the less we spend on clothes the more money is being diverted to the war effort.

I shall remain throughout the conflict the watch-dog of my wardrobe.

More than ever today

SHREDDED WHEAT IS NEEDED FOR ITS VITAL NOURISHMENT

● When you serve Shredded Wheat for breakfast you serve a real, honest, homely meal, consisting solely of purest harvest wheat. Two biscuits with milk poured over are more than sufficient to satisfy the hungriest person. But not only does it satisfy appetite, it provides in complete form the precious FIVE FOOD VALUES which are absolutely essential to health. Start the day with Shredded Wheat and keep fit.

SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO. LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS. (Pratt's)

SOAP FLAKES FOR WASHING-UP! SHEER WICKED EXTRAVAGANCE
JOEY
ON YOUR WAY, YOU FRUITY OLD HAT RACK! THESE ARE SYLVAN FLAKES. YOU GET HALF AS MUCH AGAIN FOR YOUR MONEY AND THEYRE EASY ON THE HANDS

Save your money and save your hands with SYLVAN FLAKES

TAKE a look at the huge packets of Sylvan Flakes—why, you get half as much again for your money as with expensive soap flakes. Think what a saving that means! What's more, you'll find Sylvan Flakes actually clean quicker, better, easier. Sylvan's pure rich suds make greasy dishes and cutlery clean and sparkling in next to no time. And just remember, there's no soda in Sylvan Flakes to roughen and redden your hands. Sylvan Flakes are just as easy on your hands as they are on your pocket.

SYLVAN FLAKES *for washing-up*

Get the Giant Pack 1/-. Other economy sizes: 6d. & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY & COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No. 5

Start collecting these useful advertisements now. Pin them up in your kitchen where you can always see them.

DO you feel, as many women do, that war-time housekeeping would be easier if only you could count on getting a little special advice from a kitchen expert? Here's your chance—without trouble, without cost, without even having to leave your own home. Just switch on your radio every morning at 8.15. You'll hear the answers to your own kind of food problems.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

HOW TO USE OLD VEGETABLES.

Garden Peas that have grown hard through lack of water or tough with age, can be made into excellent soup. Rub a small onion through a sieve and boil it for half-an-hour with your peas in enough water to cover. Then add milk or stock or both to suit your own taste. A little cornflour, carefully blended, stirred into the soup, will thicken it.

Scarlet Runners. If your beans have grown too old and tough, boil the *inner seeds* — like haricots — with a good dash of salt and pepper and, if possible, a little margarine.

HEALTH HINT.

Try mustard and cress, watercress, or even young nasturtium leaves instead of jam at tea-time. It makes a change; it's better for you; and it saves the country's sugar.

PULPING PLUMS FOR WINTER USE.

Pulping is an excellent way of preserving the plums, now so plentiful, for winter use. Pulping needs no sugar. It is a perfectly simple process: Just stew the plums thoroughly in a saucepan with a little water. When cooked, pour them into *hot*, clean bottles (or any receptacles that can be made airtight). Seal *immediately* with hot lids. If you have no lids, use two or three layers of paper brushed over with flour paste. For large quantities of plums, you may find it easiest to use a heated big crock. Either cork it or cover it with a layer of mutton fat or paraffin wax.

HOW TO SAVE BREAD.

First, you must curb your liking for fresh bread; always wait at least 24 hours before cutting a newly-baked loaf. Don't keep it in a closely-sealed tin. If you use a biscuit tin, punch a few holes in the lid. Brown bread is best wrapped in muslin and kept on a shelf.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

NEWS BULLETIN

Mr. "Misery" Brown said idle "twittering" was enough to drive any man to drink, and you'll see how he put his worst threat into practice in this short story

By WILL SCOTT

PIP! pip! pip! pip! pip! pip!

"This is the Home Service. Here is the one o'clock news, read by Howard May."

"I *love* Howard May," declared Mabel. "I think he's got simply the nicest voice in the world."

"Me, too," said Mary. "He's much nicer than Henry de Lacey."

"Oh, *much*," echoed Mabel.

"Quiet!" hissed Mr. Bone.

". . . serious deterioration in the situation," said the radio set.

"There you are!" grumbled Mr. Bone. "Something most important and we don't hear it because you girls are chattering about nothing. Whenever we have the news on you must *talk!*"

"Who's doing all the talking now?" demanded Mrs. Bone.

"Ssssh!" sissed Mr. Bone.

". . . faced with this grave situation," said the radio.

"You hear that?" snarled Mr. Bone. "Serious. Grave. *What* is? We don't know. And why? Because a pack of women must always damned well *twitter* as soon as the news comes on."

He got up and stamped about, his hands locked behind his back.

". . . must report at once at your local Town Hall," said the radio set.

"Report *what?*" asked Mabel.

Mr. Bone turned on his daughter with the ferocity of a lion.

"How can I tell you? *He* was telling you. But you would *twitter*. Always *twittering*. Women ought to be locked up when the news is on."

Which got things nicely warmed and ready to serve. Mrs. Bone, well supported by daughters Mary and Mabel, told the world what she thought about men. Mr. Bone, supported by nobody, told the world what he thought about women. The names of several of Mr. Bone's relations got dragged into it, somehow. Mr. Bone thumped the table. Mrs. Bone wept. Daughters Bone slammed doors.

And when the lull fell the golden voice of Howard May came booming out of the radio set:—

"That is the end of the one o'clock news."

"Missed it!" howled Mr. Bone. "It might be an invasion, for all we know. But we missed it. And all because a pack of women must *twitter*!"

He pulled on his coat and rammed on his hat.

"Where are you supposed to be going?" Mrs. Bone wanted to know.

"I'm going up the hill to see Mr. Camp," her husband told her. "Maybe he's allowed to listen to the news in peace. He'll tell me what's on. But it's a fine thing when a man's got to walk a mile. . . ."

He went out, fuming. He went, still fuming, up the hill to see his friend, Mr. Camp. But when he was abreast of "Misery" Brown's cottage, not more than half-way up the hill, there in front of him was his friend Mr. Camp in person, coming down the hill.

They met.

"Did you hear the one o'clock news?" asked Mr. Camp. "Sounded pretty serious, the bits I heard."

"I was coming up to ask *you*," Mr. Bone explained.

Mr. Camp shook his head.

"When you've got a wife and three daughters," he said, "and they will *twitter* every time you turn on the news. . . ."

MR. BONE and Mr. Camp sat on a fence and compared notes and sighed and decided it was a scurvy world. And then Mr. Bone noticed the lane that leads away through the wood opposite "Misery" Brown's, and that put an idea in his head.

"What about walking down to The Keg o' Rum and having one?" he suggested.

"Be almost closing time by the time we get there," said Mr. Camp.

"Old Joe'll let us in," said Mr. Bone. "Old Joe's a sport. Little back room. Come on."

So they walked through the wood and down into the valley to The Keg o' Rum, where old Joe, being a sport, winked twice and tucked them in in his little back room, where they had one, and then another, and then a few more, until the world began to look pink again.

In the end they stopped sighing and wanted to sing. Whereupon old Joe, although a sport, thought it might be best for everybody concerned if Mr. Bone and Mr. Camp went home, while they could still remember the way.

It was by now five o'clock in the afternoon.

"Slip out through the back door," said old Joe

So they slipped out through the back door and somehow managed to slip home. The way was long and musical and they were happy.

Pip! pip! pip! pip! pip! pip!

"This is the Home Service. Here is the six o'clock news, read by Henry de Lacey. The Germans to-day . . ."

Crash!

The door seemed to fall in, and Mr. Bone fell in after it. He hung his hat on a peg which wasn't there, watched it fall to the floor, hiccupped, laughed and closed the door with another crash.

"Arthur," said Mrs. Bone. "Where *have* you been?"

"Happy!" Mr. Bone beamed.

"Did you hear me, Arthur?" said Mrs. Bone firmly.

". . . hurried conference in Whitehall to-day," said the radio set.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Bone, pointing a dramatic finger at the instrument. "The news!'

"You have not answered my question, Arthur," Mrs. Bone reminded him.

"Twittering," Mr. Bone said thickly. "Cause all trouble. Women. Twittering, *Twittering*. Always said so."

". . brought down during the morning," said the radio set.

"There you are!" bellowed Mr. Bone, sitting heavily. "Miss everything. Damned twittering. Wrecks homes. Never hear anything."

"May we or may we not listen to the news?" enquired daughter Mabel icily.

"'Swat I say," returned Mr. Bone. "'Swat I always say."

"He's *drunk*!" gasped Mrs. Bone.

"Result of women twittering," sighed Mr. Bone in self-defence. "Never orter have happened."

"What do we do?" asked daughter Mary.

"We get him to bed," said Mrs. Bone. "And it's more than ten years since I had to do *that*. This is disgraceful. I'll say what I have to say to him in the morning."

So, with the girls on one side and Mrs. Bone on the other, Mr. Bone was put to bed and left there. And the womenfolk went downstairs.

"That is the end of the six o'clock news," said the radio set.

"Now isn't that too bad!" protested Mrs Bone. "Not a word of it have we heard. And he blames *us*! For twittering. Well, I'll give him a bit of twittering in the morning that he won't like. If he's awake by morning."

BUT he was awake long before morning. He was awake in little more than a couple of hours and thumping his way heavily downstairs.

He put two pink eyes round the doorpost and frowned.

"Had no tea," he said.

Mrs. Bone looked loftily at the opposite wall and said not a word.

"Had no tea," Mr. Bone repeated. He came into the room and clung to the edge of the table. "Twenty-five minutes past eight," he said. "Had no tea."

"You've had plenty of the other stuff," retorted Mrs. Bone.

"What you mean?"

John Bull's Ten-Minute Story

Mrs. Bone sniffed. And having sniffed she thought of a few things. And said them.

At first Mr. Bone only sang. But presently Mrs. Bone's remarks penetrated. He told the universe what he thought of twittering women. Mrs. Bone retaliated by telling the world what she thought of drunken men

Mr. Bone wanted to know if she meant him. Mrs. Bone said she certainly did. *And* his relations. Mr. Bone shouted and thumped the table. Mrs. Bone wept once more.

DAUGHTERS BONE glanced at the clock and wondered about the nine o'clock news. Then they got hats and coats and dragged their mother outside.

"What's this?" asked their mother.

"We shall never hear the nine o'clock news here," said Mary. "Not with father in that state. Let's go up to Mrs. Camp's."

"That," said Mrs. Bone, drying her eyes, "is a very good idea."

Behind them a door slammed. Behind the door Mr. Bone did his best to remain upright.

"Twitterers!" he grumbled. . . ."

Which reminded him. He staggered to the radio set and twiddled the knobs.

"'S one thing," he told himself, brightening up. "Shall hear the nine o'clock news in comfort now."

And he sat down and waited for it.

Half-way up the hill, abreast of "Misery" Brown's cottage, Mrs. Bone and her two daughters going up were astonished to see Mrs. Camp and her three daughters coming down.

They met.

"We were coming up to your place to hear the nine o'clock news," said Mrs. Bone. "I regret to say that my husband is shouting drunk, and listening at home is impossible."

"*We* were coming down to *your* place to hear the nine o'clock news," said Mrs. Camp "I regret to say that my husband—and the father of these poor girls—will sing 'South of the Border' at the top of his voice, *although* he can't stand up. We can't hear a note out of the wireless for him."

"So *that's* where they were this afternoon," sniffed Mrs. Bone. "Together!"

"Together!" said Mrs. Camp.

"If women were to go on like that!" said Mrs. Bone.

"You can trust a woman," said Mrs. Camp.

"But you can't trust a man," said Mrs. Bone

"That," agreed Mrs. Camp, "is what you can *not*!"

THEY went on. And kept on.

Mrs. Bone told the world what she thought of men.

Mrs. Camp told the world what she thought of men.

Mrs. Bone's daughters, though little experienced, told the world what *they* thought of men, if all men were like father.

And Mrs. Camp's daughters told the world that they quite agreed with everything that the others had told the world.

They kept on keeping on. At first separately. At last together. Seven of them.

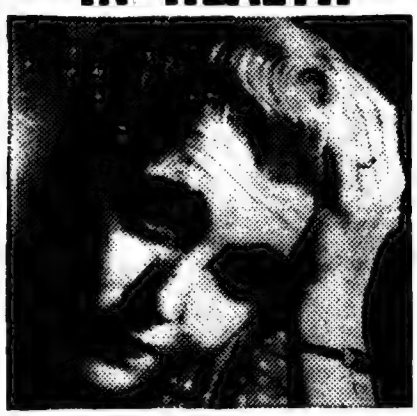
Telling the world what they thought of men.

Until suddenly, above their heads, a window in "Misery" Brown's cottage went up with a crash, and the head of "Misery" Brown himself was poked into the night.

"How the hell," bellowed "Misery" Brown, "am I expected to listen to the nine o'clock news with a crowd of twittering women twittering their throats out outside my house? Have you nothing better to do than *twitter*? I want to listen to the nine o'clock news. Get out! Go away! Go now!"

And crash went the window again.

3 LETTERS FROM PEOPLE WHO BROKE DOWN IN HEALTH



They couldn't EAT . .
They couldn't SLEEP . .
They lost WEIGHT . .

IN EVERY CASE

A FEW DOSES OF DR. CASSELLS TABLETS BEGAN A

Wonderful Recovery

1. Dr. CASSELLS SAVED MY LIFE
"Following an illness I went from 10 stone 5 to 7 stone. Someone recommended Dr. Cassells Tablets—I took 2 in the day and 2 last thing at night. I slept six hours that night . . . a thing I had not done for months. I put on weight. I shall always say Dr. Cassells saved my life."
Mrs. A. B., Derby.

2. OFF WORK WITH BREAKDOWN
"I came off work with a serious nervous breakdown. Then I tried Dr. Cassells Tablets—and from the first bottle I began to regain my health. I enjoy my food and my sleep is normal."
Mr. F. S., Bolton.

3. I BLESS THE DAY I TOOK THEM
"I had a nervous breakdown. In spite of treatment I did not get any better. I bless the day I started to take Dr. Cassells Tablets. I sleep better and eat better—and no longer have pain after meals."
Mrs. L. P., Birmingham.

★ THE QUICK TONIC ACTION OF DR. CASSELLS TABLETS IS THE SECRET OF THESE AMAZING RESULTS! Get a bottle today! Prices: 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- everywhere. Trial size 6d.

TAKE Dr. CASSELLS Brand TABLETS

AND YOU WILL
EAT BETTER!
SLEEP BETTER!
FEEL BETTER!

but 'FAMILY HEALTH' comes first!

Before you sit down to a meal, pop up to the bathroom for a good wash with Family Health Toilet Soap. It prevents hands infecting your food, and keeps the pores of your skin healthy.... Health is a first consideration in war time; let Family Health Soap be your family health-warden.

KM 59-54-65 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

A pleasant change—and more change—when you buy

ARMY CLUB

20 for 1/4½d 10 for 8½d

This is the cigarette for the fellow with a full-size man's job to do. When you're feeling all 'hit-up', it steadies the nerves

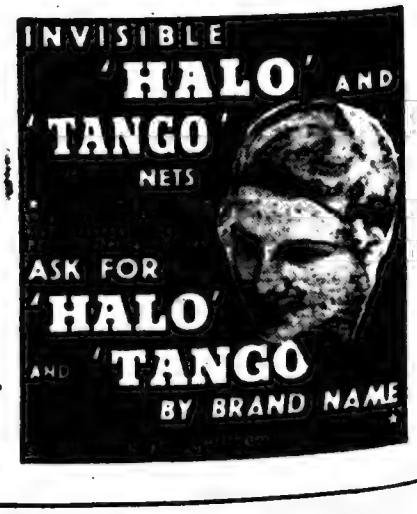
A NEW BEAUTY MAGIC *is sweeping the country*

YOU see them at the 'Ritz'—but just as often in a suburban dance hall. Girls with a complexion as fresh as a rose petal. Do the boys crowd around to dance with them! Why, they never have time to sit down. However late the hour, they look as if they had just stepped out of a Magic Beauty Parlour. No constant peeping into vanity-case to see whether nose needs powdering. They *know* they look marvellous. They get told so quite often every evening. Clever girls! They've learned a new Beauty trick.

No ordinary face powder for them. They use powder containing a wonderful ingredient called "Mousse of Cream." Grandmother used to talk about 'peaches and cream" complexion. These modern days we say "Mousse of Cream" complexion. But it means the same thing. It means the attractive youthful loveliness that makes girls sought after. Makes women envious and men amorous. The kind of complexion *you* can have by using Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" powder. You can only get "Mousse of Cream" in Poudre Tokalon—it is a Tokalon patent process.

Try the new shades. "Rose Peach" for blondes. "Peach" for mid-brunettes. "Brunette" for dark girls. All warmer, richer, more *flattering* shades. Get *your* glamour shade of Poudre Tokalon to-day.

By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of the latest shades so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Creme Tokalon Skin-tools for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222W), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.



THESE STUPID PEOPLE!

Many women who have been tortured by the strange behaviour of their neighbours will feel great sympathy for the readers asking for my advice this week,

Says HUMANIST

"If I don't speak to any of them they all approach me separately, but they nearly have a free fight among themselves if I become friendly with only one of them. I feel like a worm among three chickens"

HOW stupid some people are. No wonder the woman reader, troubled by the strange behaviour of her neighbours, has asked me to solve her problem.

For more than twenty-five years she had no neighbours, but recently she moved to another home and now has neighbours on each side.

"When I came here," she writes, "I was a novice at the game of 'I'm not speaking to the woman next door.' And the old hands got me groggy. I wondered how I could have offended them.

"They would be perfectly all right in the evening, but by next morning they would not reply to a civil greeting. I became so tired that I did the same myself, and saved a lot of valuable time and patience.

"But now our Anderson shelters are so close together that we cannot avoid each other. We ought to be friendly in times like these, but try as I will I cannot keep all four in harmony.

"If I don't speak to any of them they all approach me separately, but they nearly have a free fight among themselves if I become friendly with only one of them.

"It makes me feel like one worm among three chickens, and I don't like it.

"I am old enough to be the mother of the young couple next door, and, as the husband is in the Army and the wife is expecting her first baby, she naturally wants an older woman's company.

"Yet this causes such bad feeling from the neighbour on her other side that the young wife feels upset about it.

"I have asked them all to be civil to each other, but it makes no difference. I feel like knocking their heads against the wall.

"The other two women are in the early forties, and their children are at school. My own sons are serving with the Forces.

"I know this is a trivial problem compared with hundreds of others, but if it could be solved it would prevent a great deal of unhappiness to other women left alone at home these days.

"If only they weren't so stupid!"

The writer must befriend the young wife.

If the others take offence, they should be left to "stew in their own juice."

They are old enough to know better.

It is unspeakably stupid. The clue to the whole problem is the need for common-sense — or "common humanity."

Have you ever noticed that when you meet a new word it usually appears again before the day is out? Something similar happens to problems sent by readers.

Immediately after receiving the protest about the stupid neighbours a man wrote to say:

"My wife, a keen church worker, has a number of friends of her own sex, and her one desire is to see them all happy.

"Unfortunately, they cannot unite.

"Each feels that my wife should have only one friend, and resents the existence of others.

"It is driving her to desperation.

"There is a continual fear while making a call that another friend may also arrive and turn the house into a refrigerator!

"Why is this desire for one special friend so much more apparent in women than in men?"

THIS is really another variety of the first problem.

I can only answer that women are more possessive. They want to monopolise a friend completely.

They are not content to be one of a crowd.

Men naturally form groups of three; women into pairs.

Three men in a boat rub along well together; but three women could be unhappy. Two of them would become great friends; the third would find it advisable to remember an appointment.

A headmaster once told me that, while there is usually good fellowship in the men's staffroom, there is generally a feud in the women's.

They divide into two camps right away!

Still, it is never safe to generalise. One can always discover exceptions.

Meantime, such difficulties will not entirely disappear until feminine nature is changed.

This is no time for personal feuds.

We need one another's help and sympathy more than we ever did.

BY way of contrast I quote a letter from a woman reader in a danger zone.

"Just a letter to tell you how people down along here can take it on the chin," she begins. "We have a large air raid shelter holding about two hundred, and whenever we meet we just get together and have a fine time.

"You should see the cushions, pillows, blankets, and quilts brought down to put the younger children to sleep on the seats.

"The older children play snap, ludo, and other games.

"The adults form a choir and we go through all the songs, old and new.

"Two or three times along comes some one with a large teapot and a few cups. Someone else brings milk and a kettle of not water for the children. Another brings cakes and biscuits.

"When we have finished the songs, we start all over again.

"Believe me, we have quite a social centre and would not miss it for worlds.

"It makes such a spirit of friendliness among us.

"A raid is regarded as an interlude.

"The password when we go home after the 'All Clear' is 'Till we meet again.'

"I expect there are plenty of others who do the same, but I'd like the men in the Forces to know we are not downhearted."

And so say all of us!

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page—without your name, of course.

SLEEP IN SPITE OF RAIDS

In war time, when worry, syren-broken nights and unaccustomed working hours disturb our rest, expert advice on sleep is worth studying. This is what the doctors say.

SLEEP is more important than food.

A man can live without food for a month, but ten completely sleepless nights would kill him. Yet you can get along for months on three hours' sleep a night, indefinitely on six hours.

Actual slumber is not necessary for recuperation of body and mind.

Lying down and relaxing physically and mentally has at least half the value of sleep.

So four hours in a shelter *(if you relax)* can be worth two of sleep.

Sleep before midnight is definitely more valuable.

Night workers are advised to go to bed on returning home in the morning sleep until noon, have a meal and recreation during the afternoon, and take the main sleep from six or eight until midnight.

Women and elderly people are best able to go without sleep.

Insomnia cannot be cured by trying.

The best frame of mind is "Don't care if I sleep or not. I shall eventually."

Even Gestapo torturers find great difficulty in preventing victims going to sleep after long wakefulness.

Stop trying.

Cook a light, hot meal. Read or play cards until sleepy.

Don't court sleep!

The whole mind never sleeps.

A mother's subconscious mind listens for the baby cry that instantly wakes her. The man with an important appointment may wake if the alarm clock stops ticking. Yet a thunderstorm might wake neither.

But the more of the mind that sleeps the better the rest.

Complete muscular relaxation aids mental relaxation, brings sleep.

Consciously relax your muscles one by one—starting at toes, working up calves and thighs, stomach and chest and neck muscles, fingers, forearm and shoulder muscles, jaw, face and forehead.

You should be able to feel them "go slack" as you concentrate on them.

Pleasant languor follows.

Those who do not succeed in relaxing this way should first contract each muscle until it nearly hurts for ten seconds.

Then let go.

Relaxation follows automatically.

A warm, not hot, bath before going to bed helps.

HEIL HUNGER!

Dr. Martin Gumpert's book, "Heil Hunger" (5s.)—reviewed in our issue of August 10—is published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., and not, as stated, by Victor Gollancz.

In times like these

old friends are best

Beechams Pills are the secret of happy, cheerful, healthy people all the world over. A dose at bedtime banishes liverishness, sick-headaches and biliousness. Make Beechams Pills your golden rule of health and you will discover how gentle, reliable and effective they are! Purely vegetable—obtainable everywhere.

TAKE **Beechams Pills**

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

I have helped thousands of others to achieve success in Art, Literature, Commerce, Technical Trades, etc. We teach for all careers by post. Write and tell me what interests you, and I will give you sound, fatherly advice. It costs nothing to enquire. ADVICE FREE.

We Teach by Post—distance makes no difference.

DEPT. 31.

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Why Four Square? Because it is made from the finest, selected leaf . . . because it is allowed to mature, slowly and naturally, without artificial flavouring . . . because it is a medium-strength tobacco . . . because, finally, it is available in eight different blends, all equally cool and slow-burning, yet each with its own distinctive flavour.

FOUR SQUARE

PURE TOBACCO—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING

8 DIFFERENT BLENDS—ALL MEDIUM STRENGTH

PRICES FROM 1/6½ TO 1/10½ PER OUNCE

also Four Square cigarettes—20 for 1/6

RETURNED EMPTIES To conserve metal supplies, Four Square smokers are asked to be good enough to return empty tins to their tobacconist.

FST/3

What do I do...

if my next-door neighbour does a war job that takes him out at night?

I realise that it's not so easy to get restful sleep in daylight. So I find out what time he goes to bed; and from then on I keep my wireless low, I avoid chopping and hammering, I tell the children to "pipe down" if they're noisy. If I drive a car I try not to make a noise in starting. After all, how should *I* feel if I were trying to sleep?

Cut this out—and keep it!

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Space presented to the Nation
by The Brewers' Society

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Voice of the People

Protect rail-crossing keepers : Is war talk inevitable? : Queer coincidences : Allotments must stay : Are Nazi pilots doped?

I BELONG to the worst slave class in this country—the railway level-crossing gate-keepers.

I had to do my work the other day with German and British aircraft fighting overhead, "dirt" rattling down round us. Yet I had no tin hat.

The railway company refuses to supply us with them.

We work seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day, air raid or no air raid. Surely we are entitled to some protection?—*L. A. N., Somewhere in England.*

There are women doing this work at less than 7s. a week—and that is double what it was before the union became busy. Scores of thousands of London's women workers pay the railways 7s. a week for railway travel alone, yet the companies ask for still more.

HAS JOHN BULL been going to church lately?

Have you noticed that the clergy of all denominations perpetually talk about war?

In a place of worship we should be able to forget it for a time.—*Miss Mary Grimston, Hamlet Gardens, Ravenscourt Park, W.6.*

Question for question—Do readers remember how we tried to give them a weekly page with no mention of the war? It was very difficult. Try talking about anything—bread, babies, houses, gardens, clothes, holidays—for half an hour. Notice how the talk always turns to war.

WHO is responsible for the idiotic restriction on Merchant Service sailors listening to news from home on the radio?

Some of them, who haven't a care about their own safety while at sea, are desperately anxious about the welfare of those they have left behind on these shores.—*Mrs. E. E. M., Mitcham, Surrey.*

Most skippers not only permit crews to plug their sets into the secondary—not the main—ship's electricity system, but also issue regular bulletins of official news.

In some small ships private listening is impossible, but the National Union of Seamen has yet to hear of a crew entirely starved of radio or bulletins.

EXPERT witnesses, giving evidence before a Housing Commission, said a new estate, chronically neglected, could become a slum in three years.

Scores of thousands of excellent homes, evacuated by their owners, and rarely visited, now seem to be qualifying for this fate.

Unless something is done, we may well have another slum clearance problem, the like of which this country has never seen before, when the war is over.—*T. E., Horsham.*

Two-thirds of nation's housing inspectors have been turned on to full-time A.R.P. So houses rot. One London inspector estimates that decay will do far more harm than German bombs.

DESPATCH rider in the —— Regiment, my young brother skidded while motor-cycling across London. The driver of a 'bus immediately following stopped cleverly, jumped down, lifted him to his feet.

And so two brothers came face to face for the first time in many years—a coincidence made stranger because our family comes from lonely Leadhills, highest village in Scotland.—John Johnstone, 103, Harrison Road, Edinburgh.

Any more war coincidences?

ALTHOUGH I believe the figures of British and German air losses supplied by the Air Ministry, I have heard it suggested that sometimes two British pilots might both believe they have shot down the same German. Could a mistake be made in this way?—*S. Smith, Aylestone, Leicester.*

British pilots are questioned exhaustively, statements compared, and wherever there is the faintest doubt the German machine is not claimed. "John Bull" knows without doubt that the figures are absolutely genuine. Actual results are some 20 per cent. better than announced.

NOW a policeman, I am dismayed to find that some people — usually women—still try to make a bogey man of me!

They push their youngsters towards me with the cry: **"Here's the policeman come to take you away."**

These people should remember there is a war on.

In air raids it is more important than ever before that every child should have supreme faith in every policeman, see in him nothing but a friend.—*P. C., Walthamstow.*

Some foolish parents still imagine they can frighten naughty children by threatening to call a policeman. Actually he is the best friend kiddies have

GERMANS have now to prove their racial purity by providing the authorities with the names of parents, grandparents, great grandparents and 32 great-great-grandparents.

Mr. L. G. H. Horton, of good family and some genealogical experience, tells the *Times* that he fails over the great-great-grandparents.

Most of us would.

The Germans are scarcely better able to provide such information than ourselves.—*S. M., Hammersmith, W.*

Still, plenty of Germans will provide the required evidence of "purity." Goebbels isn't the Fatherland's only liar.

BEST war poster I have seen is a small notice some Yorkshire lorry drivers are displaying on the windscreens of their lorries.

Modernising a Yorkshire adage, it says :—

"Hear all, see all, say nowt,
And if thou does owt for nowt
Do it for thy country."

—Mrs. C. Rule, 10a, Princes Street, Darlington.

PEOPLE "growing for victory" should do so with the feeling that they are not going to down spades when the victory has been achieved.

Thousands did so, unfortunately, after the last war. But the Swedes didn't. And to-day Swedish allotments, as well as being the pride and joy of their owners, are a source of strength to the State.—*M. Powderham, Welling, Kent.*

British allotmenteers didn't "give up" after the last war. Haphazard "development" robbed them of their plots. It shouldn't be allowed to happen again.

UP to now dried milks have been supplied free of cost to poor mothers at clinics throughout the country.

From now on these mothers must use National Dried Milk, pooled by various baby food firms.

Sometimes only one make of food will suit a baby.

Also, the well-known brands are graded according to the age of the child. The change is surely not one for the best.—*Mrs. M. M., Cardiff, Glamorgan.*

THROUGH the Midlands parish of Warton being allowed to let the roadside grass, it has realised as much as £40 a year in this way.

So it is obvious how much national waste accrues through farmers not being allowed to take their cattle to these grass verges nor the grass to their cattle.—*F. W. Keep, Woodfield, near Dursfield, Glos.*

HITLER is said to be dosing members of his fighting forces with Pervertin before an attack.

The effect of the drug is to remove all need for sleep, give increased mental vigour and alertness through stimulating the central nervous system.

Administered indiscriminately the drug may have disastrous effects.

Chemically, it is similar to the substance Benzderine, which has received more prominence in Britain, where the sale has had to be restricted because of the uncertain effects when not taken under strict medical supervision.

Pervertin may meet with temporary success, but wait and watch.—*G. H. Macdonald, M.P.S. (Pharmacist), Forebank Road, Dundee.*

German parachutists have been doped with Pervertin, and it is believed that Shock Troops have been similarly doped.

EVERY soldier, sailor and airman is not getting an extra sixpence a day.

My son, aged 17, serving in a cruiser, doesn't get an extra halfpenny.

Out of his 8s. 9d. a week, he allots mother 4s. 6d. Of the 4s. 3d. left only 3s. is paid to him. The rest goes to his credit.—*Charles Tait, Sandy Lane, Aintree, Liverpool.*

Perhaps because they are presumed not to smoke or drink, boys under 17½ doing boy service in the Services get no increase, although sweets and other things loved by boys are dearer. Isn't it mean?

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

BRISTOL EVENING POST :—"FUR fowl-houses had been smashed."

NEWS CHRONICLE :—"We have a SCARED trust, and we dare not fail."

WESTERN TELEGRAPH :—"Use plenty of HERBS and seasoning."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS :—"The amount received in to-day's MAID was £660."

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE :—"The *Alcantara* is expected to LEASE Rio de Janeiro to-day."

SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO :—"... citizens who are determined to keep the invaders from these SHORTS at all costs."

BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH :—"... pouring PULLETS into it as the two planes disappeared into a cloud."

ST. GABRIEL'S MAGAZINE :—"We hope that there will be a nice number able to come, and THAT THE WEATHER WILL BE KIND ENOUGH TO SIT IN THE GARDEN."

BRISTOL EVENING POST :—"Allotments and adjoining gardens are smothered with thistle and other weeds with every GUEST of wind."

GLASGOW HERALD :—"Although practically the whole of the front of the clubhouse is of GRASS, not a single pane was cracked."

DAILY EXPRESS :—"I want to be certain that the farmers of this country can assure the people they will be able to EAT."

NORTHERN DAILY MAIL :—"It was stated that the men were employed by the canteens and that beef, bacon, mutton and BUTTON were among the foods involved."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE :—"... strongly opposing the extension of the powers of censorship beyond the POINT necessary to prevent information of value to the enemy being published."

Cash Prizes

★ *This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Spotlight on Charm
If the dull and unattractive condition of your teeth is robbing you of your charm, try KOLYNOS. To-day, more than ever before, a happy smile is appreciated—and remembered. So use KOLYNOS, the refreshing tooth paste, and your teeth will be whiter, brighter and sparkling with new lustre.
Of all Chemists and Stores
1/9, 1/- & 6d.
KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
The Most
ECONOMICAL Tooth Paste

Why grouse about not being able to afford a pipe when Afrikander still only costs 1/3½ an ounce? Buy an ounce to-day. No matter what price tobacco you've smoked in the past it won't have given more deep down satisfaction or the unvarying freshness that Afrikander gives . . . and an ounce of Afrikander still costs only 1/3½.

1/3½ an oz. MIXTURE FLAKE NAVY MILD SHAG HONEY DEW

AFRIKANDER

CIGARETTE SMOKERS SHOULD TRY AFRIKANDER CIGARETTES
Made from the finest 'Virginia' Tobacco grown within the Empire! 10 for 8d 20 for 1/4

HOW TO MAKE LEMONADE WITHOUT SUGAR

ASK at your grocer's for a bottle of the famous Eiffel Tower Lemonade Crystals. In the good old summer-times before the war, housewives used to mix up these crystals into jugfuls of delicious lemonade, sweetened by a liberal measure of sugar. But now sugar is scarce, people have discovered that Eiffel Tower is even more refreshing when it is not so sweet, and that they can make it quite sweet enough without any sugar at all.

HERE ARE THE NEW DIRECTIONS.

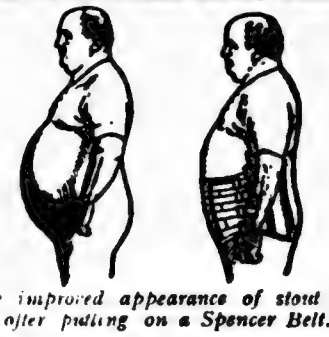
Place the Eiffel Tower Crystals in a jug, add 24 (.3 grain) saccharin tablets and pour over both 1½ pints of boiling water. Stir till dissolved. When cool, put in a bottle and cork well. Use 1 or 2 tablespoons to a tumbler of water. If saccharin is not available try only 4 oz. of sugar or 5 level dessertspoons of golden syrup or 8 level dessertspoons of liquid honey. The crystals may be dissolved in 1½ pints of boiling water without the addition of any sweetening matter. When cool put in a bottle and cork well. Use 1 or 2 tablespoons to a tumbler of water. This provides a most refreshing and thirst-quenching drink.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

No increase in price!
6½d bottle makes 25 tumblers
A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.
Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.
Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.
Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., Banbury, Oxon. for FREE Booklet and name of local Corsetiere.

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Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT 193

PENNS INEXPENSIVE AUTOMATIC BLACK OUT Blinds

RAISE & LOWER WITH CORD
Made from extra-durable Manilla, our permanent Black-Out Blinds are absolutely opaque. Fitted with Automatic Cord action to raise and lower. Complete for instant use. Nothing more required. The perfect and most simple black-out for your windows. Fitted in a jiffy—cannot go wrong. Suitable for any window up to 6 ft. high.

From	Widths:—				
2/3	18 in.	...	2/3	36 in.	... 2/9
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Carr. Paid.	30 in.	...	2/6	48 in.	... 3/3
				54 in.	... 3/6

ALL CARRIAGE PAID.
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"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON — VALUE 3D

This Coupon with P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.
DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium or broad nib.
Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

SENSIBLE FITNESS

For the middle-aged

To hear some people talk, fitness might be a matter of dumb-bells, cold baths and country runs for all of us! All very well for the youngsters. But the basis of your fitness should be wholesome food in moderation, reasonable open air exercise and a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning.

Fynnon Salt is the high-road to health in middle-age. It is a combination of those priceless mineral elements found in the waters of world-famous Spas. The elements are Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, often described as "Nature's Salts of the Earth," and their great virtue is that they give your liver the gentle assistance it needs to do its job properly. This is vitally important, since so many of the troubles of the 40's and 50's are due to a faulty liver—Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago and Neuritis, for instance, as well as the bugbear of excess fat. It is impossible to be well with a liver below par.

With your daily Fynnon, life becomes very different. Your liver is always in fine working order, your bloodstream always pure. Liven your friends notice your trim, active figure, clear skin, bubbling spirits.

Take Fynnon Salt regularly and be as fit as a fiddle. Large tin, 1/3. New Trial Size, 6d.

COMPANY MEETING

FURNESS, WITHY & COMPANY, LTD.

The Forty-ninth Annual General Meeting was held in London on Tuesday, August 20th, 1940

LORD ESSENDON, the Chairman, said:—The past year should be looked upon as having covered three distinct periods—the pre-war period; the first few months of war when the shipping industry was adjusting itself to the new conditions, and the third period, commencing in February last, when all liner tonnage was requisitioned by H.M. Government. The first period showed a fairly substantial improvement over the corresponding period of the previous year, particularly in our New York/Bermuda Service, for instance.

There is a new item, viz., Fleet Replacement Account.

One important feature is that there are no charges on the Company's Assets, and the only item which carries anything in the nature of a fixed charge is the 5 per cent. Cumulative Dividend on our £1,500,000 Preference Share Capital. The net profit for the year, including dividends received, amounts to £618,651, an increase of £113,500. After adding the amount of £180,429 brought forward there is a total available for appropriation of £807,079. Provision has been made for the Preference Share Dividend, and your Directors recommend the payment of a dividend of 5 per cent. less income tax on the Ordinary Stock; that there be set aside for depreciation the sum of £300,000, and that a Fleet Replacement Account be created and credited with £100,000, which will leave a balance of £182,579 to be carried forward.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

SERVICE!

ANZORA MASTERS THE HAIR — WON'T SOIL HATS OR PILLOWS — 6d & 1/3 & 2/3

Poker-Faced Battler

Owen Moran, tough little Birmingham battler, will always have a place among the Giants of the Ring as the only man who floored Durable Dane Nelson, the man with the concrete jaw.

By A. W. HELLIWELL

ONLY on rare occasions did Owen Moran smile. In the ring his eyes were as cold as steel, and his face, no matter how the fortunes of battle swayed, would remain a grim mask.

Even when he was not fighting, he remained a serious-minded young man, grave and unsmiling.

Yet, as he stood in his corner, arms along the ropes, with the cheers of wildly excited San Francisco "fans" in his ears, the poker-faced little scrapper from Birmingham actually grinned.

His mouth slipped into a dazzling smile: in his eyes, usually so stern, there danced a light of pure delight.

He looked this way and that, smiling and nodding, and occasionally he would raise his gloved hands above his head and wave happily.

Owen Moran was right on top of the world on that November night thirty years ago.

At his feet, spread-eagled on the canvas, was the muscular form of a fighter no one in the world had ever before been able to knock out.

Toughness had made Battling Nelson a world-beater.

Known to the sporting world as the Durable Dane because of his abnormal capacity for absorbing punishment, he allowed the hardest punchers in the States to crash their fists against his iron jaw.

The sandy-haired wonder had only grunted, grinned, and walked in slugging without even halting in his stride.

Such men as Joe Gans, Jimmy Britt and Terry McGovern had failed to knock him out, and it looked as though nothing but a blow from a sledgehammer could really hurt him.

Then the steely-eyed little Englishman came across the Atlantic from the smoky streets of Birmingham, to startle all the United States by blasting their miracle-man into unconsciousness.

It was the only time in his brilliant career that lightweight Battling Nelson was put down for the full count. Moran was the man who accomplished that feat.

Birmingham sportsmen still remember that fight with pride, and they will not accept any list of Giants of the Ring as complete without Owen's name being included.

Few boxers from this country have achieved such sensational success in America. For five years he took on the best they could put against him, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts, establishing a reputation for gameness that has never been equalled.

Owen Moran never fought a bad fight.

From the day he first ducked under the ropes until he unlaced the gloves for the last time, he never took a backward step in the ring. From gong to gong, he was always walking forward punching with both hands.

He did not know the meaning of fear, and the verb "quit" had no place in his vocabulary. This courage and his whirlwind methods endeared him to America.

His first contest there, a close-fought twenty-five rounds draw with brilliant Abe Attell, bounced Moran right into the limelight.

The Yankee fight "fans" took the stocky Englishman to their hearts immediately, and he stayed there.

My friend Jimmy Butler, who has been sitting at ringsides for nearly fifty years now, described Moran, with characteristic aptness, as "the boy who was born to fight."

It fitted Owen as neatly as a glove.

MORAN loved the game at which he earned a living.

He loved fighting, and he would have spent all his leisure time in and around the ring, even if he had not turned professional.

He was working in a boxing booth when Captain Cleveland realised that this grim-faced boy, who went about his job so purposefully, had the makings of a champion.

In his first fight at the National Sporting Club the tough little battler made his mark, and among the early opponents who fell before his crashing fists was Charlie Smirke, father of the Aga Khan's favourite jockey.

Moran was twenty-three when he went to the States.

In the same liner and under the same manager (old Charlie Harvey) sailed Jim Driscoll, the man above all others against whom Moran was eager to test his skill.

The pair were such fierce rivals that they had to be trained in separate gymnasiums to prevent a clash.

What a scrap there would have been if they had been matched in their prime!

Unfortunately they did not meet until 1913, when they were both slipping, and they fought a disappointing twenty rounds draw.

Moran had had nearly thirty fights in the States before he met the Durable Dane.

Even though the Englishman had given a good account of himself in every contest, there were few who imagined that he had the remotest chance against hammer-fisted, iron-jawed Nelson.

OPPONENTS who avoided a stand-up fight had the best chances with the Dane, and Moran was incapable of such restraint.

He was accustomed to go in throwing punches from all angles, regardless of punishment, indifferent to defence.

To do this in the same ring as Nelson was madness.

The Dane absorbed punches like a sponge absorbs water.

For the first few rounds against Moran he took all the Birmingham boy slung across with a cheerful grin.

He even winked at his friends around the ring as though to draw attention to the audacity of this reckless Englishman.

Then, having done with clowning, he dropped his sandy-haired head and tore into Moran, determined to teach him a lesson. But his grin disappeared when Owen continued swopping punches without giving ground.

Faster and faster whirled their gloves. They stood head to head like two steers locked in combat, pounding and hammering at each other's ribs.

Of skill or science there was none.

It was an ugly fight, but it brought the spectators out of their seats in wild excitement.

NEVER before had Nelson encountered a man who could match him as a slugger.

As the rounds went by and Moran, bruised and bleeding though he was, still fought with undiminished speed and ferocity, the Dane realised that the Englishman had the strength to maintain that cracking pace.

Neither man attempted to block or parry a punch.

Neither dodged, or ducked or sidestepped.

They fought with desperate abandon, each aware that no human frame could continue to take such punishment.

Each was determined that the other should be dropped.

The first to show signs of weakening was Nelson.

Moran's fists had pounded the iron from his body, and as his knees sagged and his blows lost their pep the Englishman redoubled his efforts.

Even when he was not fighting, Owen Moran remained a serious-minded young man, grave and unsmiling. Yet he once managed to grin when he was in the ring . . . .

In the eleventh round, weaving towards the punch-drunk Dane, he started a vicious left to the stomach, and as Nelson's guard dropped, Moran swung a swift, short right to the point of his jaw.

All the weight of his bunchy shoulders was behind it, and the man who could not be knocked out flung his arms wide and dropped to the canvas.

He was out to the world.

Write to "John Bull" About it

HOW HE WON THAT MEDAL

Tracer-Bullet Hero

"You've just *got* to reach that target! Don't waste a single bomb! Plant every one where it'll do the most good!"

THIS urgent command was still ringing in Pilot Officer Corbett's ears as he headed his bomber towards the objective, deep in Germany.

So much depended on the mission that he dared not even think of Failure.

And, as he flew on, quietly turning over in his mind plans of attack, all hell broke loose around him.

German fighters had roared down on his tail and, with guns flaming, were trying to blast him out of the skies.

Smoke rose in front of the 21-year-old pilot officer's face as a burst of tracer bullets streamed viciously across the nose of his aircraft.

"That was close!" Corbett murmured to himself, kicking the stick over into a high, left-hand bank.

If one of those tracers found his petrol tank, he must go down on fire.

Even if he was wounded by one, it meant a particularly agonising death, because tracer bullets, which leave trails of smoke that tell a gunner where his shots are going, are highly poisonous.

He twisted and turned, dived and banked, in the effort to get clear. But the bomber was unwieldy through its heavy load.

He could have "lightened ship" by jettisoning his cargo, but he hung on to his load, even though he knew he must be blown into a million fragments if a bullet hit one of the bombs.

His pursuers cut his wings to ribbons.

They blasted his panel-board to smithereens.

They clipped bits off his allerons and tail assembly.

Still he hung on.

Suddenly, two tracer bullets found his leg.

Excruciating pain told Corbett what had happened.

Fighting like one possessed, he eventually beat off his attackers.

Then, turning his aircraft, he headed, not for home, safety and medical attention, but for his target in Germany.

With his bomber limping and hammering from the dreadful punishment it had taken, and racked by the agony of his poisoned leg, Corbett wheeled over his objective, went into a dive, and "planted every one of his bombs where it did the most good."

When he reached his airfield Pilot Officer Corbett, whose home is at Furtherwest Park, Canvey Island, Essex, was too far gone to clamber out of his machine.

A team of ambulance men lifted him out of the cockpit and hurried him to hospital, where doctors were able to save his life.

Corbett was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for one of the bravest acts of the war.

THE LAST LAUGH

BACHELOR (Selkirk).—"I like a girl on my knee, but that's as far as I go." You don't want one on your hands.

D. W. (Norwich).—"Do women ever suffer from gout?" Just ask one whose husband has got it!

D. B. (Diss).—"What do you think I am going to keep in my dug-out this winter?" Safe, we hope.

R. W. (Aintree).—"What should I get for a sunburnt back?" This isn't an advertisement column. Still—what offers?

G. S. (Clacton).—"It is the perquisite of the carver to reserve the tit-bits for himself." As Stalin well knows.

D. N. (Baldock).—"Can you tell me how many herrings go to a cran?" None—they all have to be caught and put there.

H. K. (Highgate).—"If Hitler had married there would have been no war." It hasn't worked out like that in other marriages.

J. D. (Morden).—"A man recently walked along the line from one Underground station to another." The usual procedure is to stand.

E. C. (Kent).—"When the siren went my wife put on her fur coat before she left the bedroom, but what do you think I came down in?" A tearing hurry.

GAMEKEEPER (Henley).—"There are so many young rabbits about here this summer that I hardly know what to make of them.' What about pies?

MRS. M. (Harlow).—"I was very worried when I found out that I should have to sell kisses at the bazaar." You have hardly the face for that?

K. L. (Rochester).—"A year ago we were in the throes of one crisis after another but now we know where we are." Not if the Ministry of Information can help it.

F. N. (Rugby).—"My washerwoman is taking part in a local play for charity." She should be quite at home among the props.

F. K. (Margate).—"My little dog is particularly fond of exercise." Ours is also very keen on going for tramps.

W. Y. (Stepney).—"The crowd I was addressing from my soap box was quite orderly except one heckler who annoyed me considerably." He got you down?

D. B (Cheam).—"You can take it from me that German airmen secretly admire our air pilots." Well, they certainly do keep falling for them

F. T. (Saunton).—"I was playing golf the other day and sliced well into the rough. I was looking around for my ball when I got the shock of my life." You found it *easily*?

NATURALIST (Epping).—"I believe that even ants have their general elections like human beings." Then it must have been on one of their mass meetings that we sat the other afternoon.

G. L. (Hatfield).—"Some old-fashioned people still consider that the Saturday night bath is actually a rite and should be observed by everybody." Personally, we are all for privacy.

G. F. (Essex).—"I am doing a lot of war work, but I need recreation in my spare time and there are no sports grounds near here. I do want to play tennis badly." That shouldn't be difficult.

W. J. (Epsom).—"We were picnicking in a field the other day when my wife saw a bull and set up an awful row." And you set up a new record for the hundred yards?

T. B. (London, W.).—"A lot of our fashionable hotels and restaurants are now having their menus printed in English." They evidently do not want to add to the many worries and difficulties of French refugees.

V. L. (Maidenhead).—"I fell in with a nice crowd of people at the River Club." Were they all learning to punt, too?

F. K. (Ely).—"Some housewives rush to start fires as soon as the weather gets a little chilly in the evening, and what is the result?" Ashes.

J. P. (Nuneaton).—"My wife doesn't enjoy the wireless. Does yours?" No; and perhaps for the reason your wife doesn't—it's all listening.

D. B. (Kettering).—"Why is Hitler delaying his much-boosted conquest of the British Isles?" Perhaps he hasn't been able to dispose of the film rights yet.

UMPIRE (Malmesbury).—"The other day a batsman made a swipe and missed, and a dog picked up the ball and ran away with it. What should I have called?" No ball!

D. L. (Halifax).—"The neighbours have been trying for a long time to discover the secret of the perfect black-out of my house." And you have refused any light on it?

B. N. (East Coast).—"The military have dug trenches right in front of the entrance to my orchard, so now how am I going to get into it?" Any small boy in the neighbourhood will show you.

G. M (Tutbury).—"I was arguing with a friend the other day and he gave me a very nasty look. I don't mind telling you I gave him a piece of my mind." Well, fair exchange is no robbery.

SCHOOLBOY (Frampton).—"The landowner caught me fishing in his stream the other day, and I couldn't think of a good excuse. Can you think of one for the next time?" You could always tell him you're washing the worms.

(Side-Slips : See page 19)

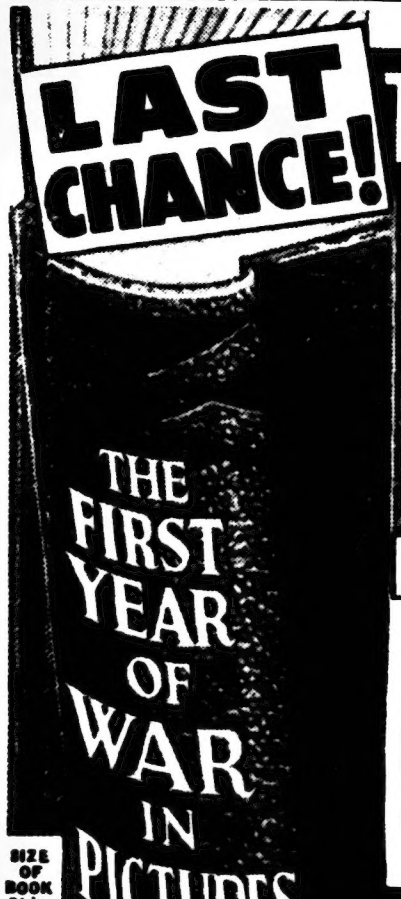
OLD BILL - By Bruce Bairnsfather

"We shall be sending you two Corsicans on Monday."

"JOHN BULL'S" WAR TIME PRIVILEGE BOOK SERVICE TO ITS READERS

LAST CHANCE!

THE FIRST YEAR OF WAR IN PICTURES



SIZE OF BOOK 9½ in. by 7½.

One of the many amazing pictures in this book—there are nearly 500 pictures in all—accompanied by graphic text.

The book itself is a beautiful library-bound volume with stiff covers in Blue Morocco-grained Art Cambric, embossed in gold, with embossed bands and design. For this Book all you send AFTER receipt of Invoice, is 3s. 3d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW! Fill in Order-Label on right, affix penny stamp and post at once in an unsealed envelope (bearing a penny stamp) to: "WAR BOOK" PRESENTATION DEPT. J.A.3, 80, EARLHAM ST., LONDON, W.C.2 (PREF.). (Please write your name and full postal address in Block Letters at the foot of the back of your envelope.) On receipt of final Order-Label, "JOHN BULL" will send an Invoice entitling you to secure your book on the special privilege terms. You then send remittance and your volume will, immediately it is off the Press, be dispatched carriage paid to your home. HURRY! Your last chance! Post immediately!

POST AT ONCE

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THIS WEEK owing to the tremendous demand, "John Bull" publishes the final Order-Label for its unique new work, "The First Year of War in Pictures." This is your last chance to secure this great work. If you have not yet applied you must do so now or it will be too late! All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Send no money now—POST ORDER-LABEL BELOW IMMEDIATELY! In 320 big pages, nearly 500 marvellous Photographs, and a vivid narrative, this Book shows and describes all the vital events of the first year of war—from the commencement of hostilities right up to the epic events of August, 1940. Here is a work of national importance which ordinarily would cost at least £1 1s. 0d.—yet it's yours if you apply now, for an amazingly low privilege price.

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£100 1st PRIZE— "BULLETS" No. 1233.
H. ASQUITH, 102, Westfield Lane, Wyke, Bradford.

Example: DIG UP YOUR GARDEN AND INCREASE OUR "GROWING POWER"!

Second Prize, £20: H. Kerry, 1, Coverdale [illegible]borough. **Hitler's Harvest—Crushed Peoples—*His* "Millstone"! Third Prize, £15:** F. A. Cashin, The Bungalow, [illegible] Brockenhurst. **Giving Up—Hits For "Dawn," Britons. Fourth Prize, £10:** [illegible], 8, The Green, Northowram. **£10: For Love Of Britain—We'll "Break Hitler's Heart.**

OTHER PRIZES:

100s.: [illegible] A. Darham, The Perch, Mitchel- [illegible] **For Love Of Britain—Putting Up** [illegible] **95s.:** P. P. Watson, 13, Tunstall [illegible] **Man She Married—"Home** [illegible]ward [illegible] **"Trained." 90s.:** J. C. Lane, 30, [illegible]ford Crescent, Sale. **Dig Up Your Garden** [illegible]nd—"Save The Tins"! **85s.:** Mrs. A. Thorpe, [illegible] Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester. [illegible]sson For Germany—"Britain Is An [illegible]land —." **80s.:** A. D. Ellis, 4, Chesterton [illegible] Coventry. **Whitehall Machine—Produces [illegible]o Much "Machinery." 75s.:** B. Macneill, [illegible] by Lanark. **Whitehall Machine—[illegible]hrobs On—Like Toothache! 70s.:** H. C. Page, [illegible]ateering Hotel, Bishops Waltham. **At Top [illegible]ced Sonny Prays—Expects Answer! 65s.:** [illegible] Holden, 61, Heaton Road, Lostock, Bolton. **Whitehall Machine—Too "Mechanical" For [illegible]ficiency. 60s.:** W. J. Millar, 26, Larne Street, [illegible], Co. Antrim (G.B.). **Voice Of Empire [illegible]"We British—" From Boer! 55s.:** M. Berri- [illegible], 42, Fairfield Road, Almondbury, Hudders- [illegible]ld. **Nice Cup of Tea—Foretold Captured [illegible]zi's "Fortune." 50s.:** A. J. Hull, 78, Camp- [illegible]l Road, Salisbury. **Voice Of Opportunity—Fill Shoes!"—Feel Shies. 45s.:** Mrs. S. [illegible]mith, 70, Butlin Road, Luton. **Giving Up—[illegible]hian Admiral—Anchor Broke! 40s.:** Mrs. A. [illegible]ston, 2, Salisbury Road, West Ealing, W. **[illegible]re Cup Of Tea—Three Cups—*Auntie's* Café.**

[illegible]list of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award [illegible]inners can be seen at these offices. The letters [illegible]GS" after a winner's name denote that successful [illegible]ort was submitted on "Good Shot" Prize coupon.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

WHEN VICTORY'S OURS
HITLER'S SUNSET
ON THE ALERT
BATTLE IN THE AIR
FREE MAN | STOPPING
OVER AGAIN | MONEY
KNOCKING AT OUR DOOR
IN THE MOONLIGHT
LUCKY ESCAPE
KICK IN THE PANTS
UNEXPECTEDLY
FATHER'S GAS-MASK
IN SAFETY
FACE TO FACE
HE PUT HIS FOOT DOWN AND
UP AND DOING
DOOMED TO FAILURE
MUNITIONS ARE VITAL, SO

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

GROWING .....
SETTLED .....
HARVEST OF .....
THANKS TO OUR ...
HOPING FOR .....
MUST BE .....

ENTRY-FEE

Send crossed P.O. (completed as directed in Rules) or stamps stuck to Form provided, at rate of 6d for each two paid *Bullets*.

20 BONUSES each value £1 —for entrants whose sets of FOUR "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1237, "John Bull," Long Acre, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

"BULLETS" PRIZES value over £2775 to-day £125 ONE WEEK ONLY £20 £10

100/- 95/- 90/- 85/- 80/- 75/- 70/- 65/- 60/-

3 of 40/- 25 of 10/- 200 Surprise Awards Value 5/-

£250 NEW 3-IN-1 MERIT AWARDS

Example BULLET .....
Example BULLET .....
Example BULLET .....
Example BULLET .....

ONE WEEK ONLY

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry fee at rate of 6d for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....

"BULLETS" 1,237

Closing Postmark SAT., SEPT. 7

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

Remember to enclose your Bulletin' ADDRESS LABEL from foot of X-word coupon

STAMPS MAY BE USED AS ENTRY-FEE —Stick them to this form and enclose with 'Bullets' or Crosswords

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH BULLET OR SQUARE ENTERED

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that no *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Orders or Stamps stuck to separate form provided, to be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL cross /& Co./ write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd and their families are not eligible.

ONLY in JOHN BULL'S XWORD CAN YOU WIN a FINE PENSION PRIZE - START NOW on CLUES BELOW!

WIN over £600 in 10/- WEEKLY PENSION CHEQUES during next 25 years and continuing for life PLUS £25 CASH NEST EGG

JOHN BULL'S BIG 2-in-1 FIRST-or-£650 LUMP SUM £50 INCREASE FOR EVERY NUMBER OVER 1,000 IN PRIZE-WINNING ENTRY

X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, September 7.

Entry fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., cross "/& Co./" and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares. No entrant may submit more than Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged.

PRIVILEGE FOR H.M. FORCES

Readers in H.M. Forces are now privileged to submit entries for Crosswords and Bullets at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated.

Judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—[illegible] based on answers of entrants.

[illegible] winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on [illegible] September 19; entries accepted only on the condition that [illegible] result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and [illegible] regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for [illegible] delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence [illegible] into.

[illegible] First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be [illegible] between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one [illegible] Runners-up Prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one [illegible] Rule 3 for Bullets, appearing above, applies also to Crosswords.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 218 "John Bull" 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

ACROSS CLUES

1. Neglecting these may possibly cause much trouble
4. Harassed parents will agree that greedy children often make one
5. One can have a good one on seesaw
8. Using it very often is inclined to spoil its point
9. Suitable dressing can make a lot of difference to an ugly one
12. It might seem more like bark to you
16. A pretty feeble sort of wit is implied by
17. Kiddy is usually pleased to be given this for writing

DOWN CLUES

1. We all know they rarely hit the mark
2. The air of this may make you quicken your step
3. A metal one is quite commonly used
4. It would certainly be criminal to ignore this in country's defence
6. Business might well be ruined by a big one
7. Average man doesn't do this willingly, even for wife's sake
10. The way one twists and turns can upset rider who is inexperienced
11. No decent man would violently strike his
12. When ammunition is scarce, it's hardly wise to leave piles of it lying in this
14. Only a fool would rely on
15. It's hard indeed if people can't find this without going away from home

WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY SEND IN 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or Stamps, affixed to Stamp Form provided above, for entry-fee as directed.

J.B. X-WORD No. 218 Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, SEPT. 7

P.O. Value.....

No.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

ADDRESS LABEL

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

50.....

GET YOUR 'GAZETTE' To secure your POST FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin dated September 21, you must affix 1d. stamp on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yo rself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1d. STAMP HERE FOR "GAZETTE."

MOLE L WIN
AN TRIP RA
T LOON SEV
CG NOTCH Y
HAT M GAG
T ASS L H
BELT FRA
O I COB OY
SIFF RANT
STA E JAR

WIN £125 FREE! If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 215.

[illegible] competitors share £150, each receiving £37 10s., for set of most [illegible] Answers, seen in square on right.

[illegible] BRANCH, 9, Bath Hill Terrace, Gt. Yarmouth.
[illegible] LOCKERBAM, Little Preston, Woodlesford, Leeds.
[illegible] GIBSON, 30, Bridge Street, Cambridge.
[illegible] PHILLIPS, 110, Herbert Street, Pontnewydd.

[illegible] Runners-up Award is shared between 45 entrants, each receiving 10s. 6d. Surprise Awards for each of 355 Second Runners-up.

WINNING WORDS. Across—1. Hole. 6. Win. 8. Pulp. 9. Loon. 10. Not. 11. Gap. 12. Stare or State. 13. Jar. Down—1. Hotch. 2. Lint. 4. Navy. 6. Rooms. 7. Lake. 9. Lute. 12. Score or Shore. 13. Hay. 14. Bah. 15. Lift.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used [illegible] considered were those in square on right. Blank spaces indicate that at these [illegible] the SHORE or STATE and SCORE or SHORE were regarded as Answers of equal [illegible].

Resoluteness

What better symbol of cheery tenacity than the British sailor? A friendly reminder of that "National" Cigarette which, through the pleasure and contentment it brings to thousands is helping in some measure to keep strong that national asset, resolution. Now as always, Player's Navy Cut stand supreme for dependable quality.

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—And Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of '*Elasto*'. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg ulcers (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*: it is the natural result of improved circulation brought about by '*Elasto*', *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that '*Elasto*' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

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"Heart is quite sound again now."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day."
"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but 'Elasto' cured me."

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Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet, fully explaining 'Elasto', the new Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of testimonials, *showing what 'Elasto' has done for others*, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES! *THIS OFFER IS TOO GOOD TO BE MISSED.* '*Elasto*' *is sold by Chemists everywhere.*
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F. 65 J.B.L. 139